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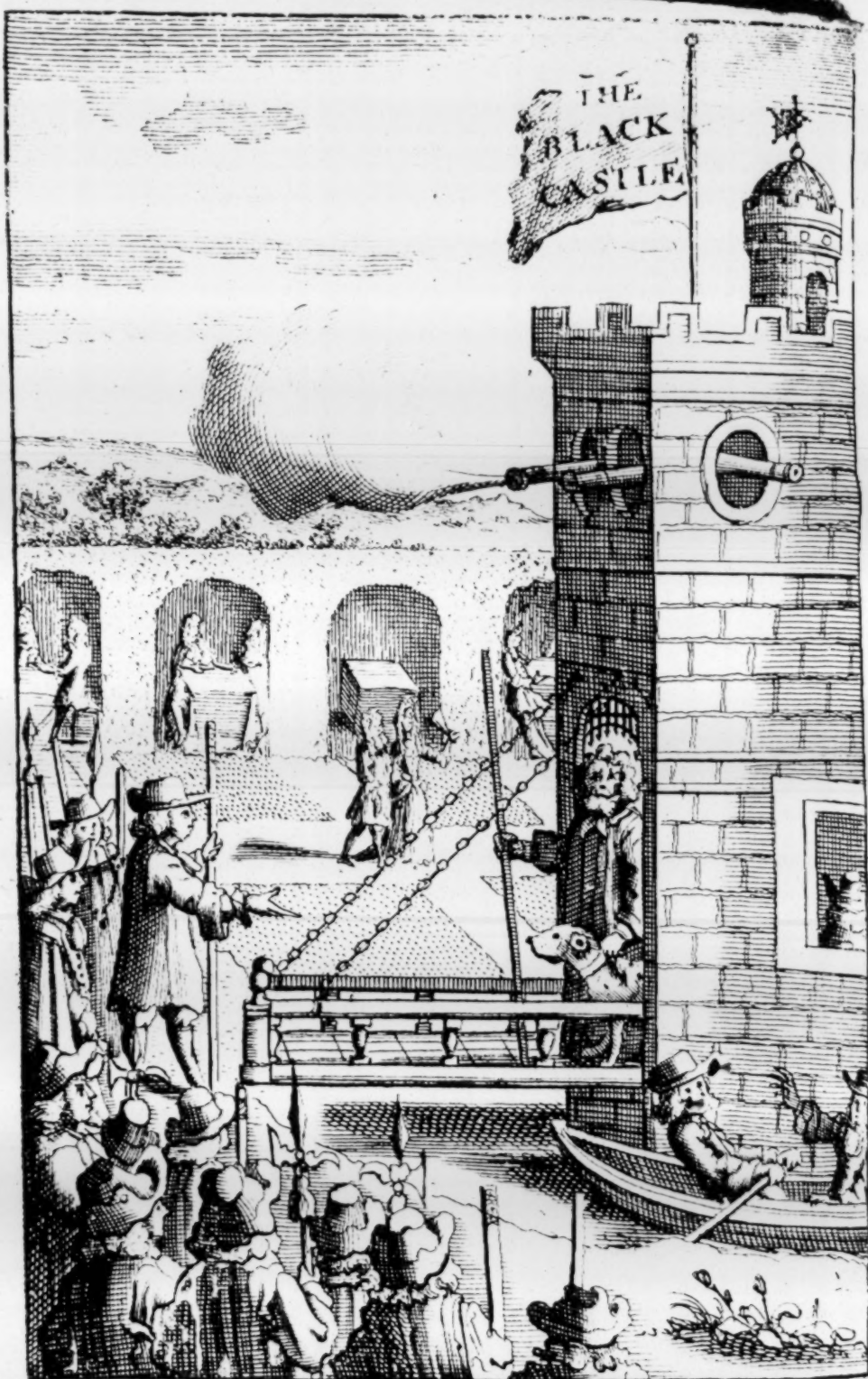
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Thank you very much

1910

26. A. 25.



You've dealt so long in Whores of this Lard Town
 It's hop'd (for change) Our Dutch Whore may go down
 You have her at A Very Modest Price
 (I know you love Good-husbandry in Vice)
 Nee After Claps you need to fear or Pox
 And so nee need of Saffolds Half Crown Box.

THE
DUTCH WHORE;
OR, THE
Mills of Amsterdam.
Being a New
DISCOVERY
OF THE
Humours and Intreagues of Bullies, Pimps,
Bauds, Cracks and their Cullies.
With a Pleasant
ACCOUNT
Of the SIEGE of the
Black-Castle,
The PLACE of their
RENDESVOUZ.

L O N D O N,

Printed, and are to be Sold by most
Book-sellers. 1690.

To the Honourable
Esq; OVERTON.

Honoured Sir,

Among the various Subjects that Writers have exercis'd their Wits upon, there are some of the Number as well for Pastime and Pleasure, as to Profit and Instruct. And others there are who have a Prospect of Both, when they first set Pen to Paper. In the number of which, perhaps I may be so kind as to reckon myself. For I am not ignorant that Petronius Arbiter was a Person of no contemptible note among the Latins, and yet he did not think his time ill spent, to divulge the Loosness of his Times in Elegant Phrase, and furnish'd

The Epistle Dedicatory.

with all the most curious Stories and Accidents he could meet with. Peter Aretine, than whom no man ever study'd more the Fascinations and Collusions of leud and evil Women, lives to this day in his Satyrical Dialogues, no less pleasant for the variety of the Stories and Relations of Female Intreague and Suttleness which they contain, than useful for the display of those alluring Snares and Temptations, not only laid to entrap the Young and Indiscreet, but the Mature in Tears and Understanding; such as even Ulysses himself could hardly avoid; so that he was constrain'd to cause himself to be ty'd to the Mast of his Ship, for fear the Inticements of the Syrens should have dragg'd him to quit his vertuous Resolutions, and decoy'd him into their Embraces. No less famous was the Author of the Tragedy of the Molibcea, first written in Spanish, afterwards translated into Latin, and published with a Comment, by a Person of great Learning

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ing and Reputation. A Book in so high Esteem among the Spaniards, for the abundance of sententious Proverbs, and instructive, yet pleasant and delightful Histories which it is amply stor'd with, that they reckon him in the number of the greatest Philosophers.

Whether my Author have attain'd to that perfection of Language and quaintness of Relations that those persons have done, or whether I have apparel'd him in such a Dress as he deserves, I will not determin. All that I would hence infer, is only this, That tho' the Subject may seem light and wanton, yet I have authentick Precedents for what I have done, and hope my Aim of Publick Benefit, will justify the Publishing; which is assuredly sufficient to prevent the scruple of any Reflection, for a Person of Worth and Ingenuity, like your self, to own the Protection of it. Nevertheless, Sir, You have this moreover to excuse your Favor to me, by laying the Blame upon my Presumption;

The Epistle Dedicatory.

on ; a Presumption however proceeding from my desire of being in some measure grateful for the singular Kindness I experienc'd from your Goodness, at a time when I stood in greatest need of it. Upon which, and no other account, I crave your pardon, and beg of you, in the scarcity of other retaliation, to accept of this small acknowledgment of the Obligations which you have laid upon,

Honoured Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,

THis History is Dedicated to the World, whither all Discourses wander, to the reformation of Vice, which is the *Wish of the Good*, and to the advantage and advancement of Vertue, *the Aim of all Honest Affections*; so that making my Sum just with my Account, I doubt not but I shall discharge my self of that which I owe to Posterity, to the ruin of Sin, and the immortal safeguard of Piety: But it may be objected, That to detect Sin, is to *teach* Sin; that the discovery of Vice, like *Hidra's* heads, doth rather increase than decrease the vicious, Vertue being seldom found to spring from *Lacedemonian* Tables, and *Chastity* much less from obscene *Aretine's Pictures*; that wicked Persons and wicked Actions should rather be

B damned

damned in Obscurity, than preserved for Eternity ; that it is a sin against Piety, to give Wickedness the least life of memory , for so the Villain *Herostratus* became lost, that set fire on that fair Fabrick, *Diana's Temple*, and *Manlius* was forgot in *Rome*, that did injury to *Rome* ; wicked Names dishonour Histories fair report , and if by necessity and compulsion the Pen must glance upon them, they ought ever to be accompanied with Curses and Execrations ; unrepentant Sin is the *Devil's Godson*, and when we talk of *Capital Wickedness*, we ought to give it no other name, but *Devil*. Yet for all this, *Brutus* and his Confederates are not forgot in *Livy* ; a false *Simon* lives in *Virgil*, and *Pandarus* in *Homer* ; we have a *Lais* memorable in *Corinth*, a *Lamia* in *Athens*, and a *Lestrigon* and *Jane Shore* in *Great Britain* ; why should we then lose this fair, or rather, foul Example and Draught of a
Dutch

Dutch Whore, who exceeds all in Insolence, instructs all in Impudence, and runs through a world of Damnable Actions with improvidence and hellish success. To her our late Mothers, *Creswel*, *Bewdly*, and *Stratford*, must strike sail, confess themselves inferiour Pupils, and come to *Her* to learn Documents. No, as she is without parallel in her Profession, so will I strive to draw her, and delineate her Actions to the life, that she may ever live hateful to all after succession.

IN the Kingdom of *Entopia* then, near the fair City of *Mangsan*, some few Leagues distant, there lived a Gentleman of indifferent Fortunes, neither so high that Ambition did bloat him up, nor so low as to endure the Darts of Contempt, but anchoring in a smooth low Tide, and a safe Harbour, made himself content only with things necessary;

he married a Wife suitable to his Estate, and agreeable with his Affections, having all the Accomplishments or Embellishments of Beauty, Wit and Breeding. These had Issue one only Daughter, (the Subject of our present Discourse) whom they named *Hollandia*, a Maid in the time of her *innocence* and *ignorance* so accomplished and accommodated also with all those Ornaments of Nature and Education, that she far outstripp'd and surpassed all those of her rank, and might, without offence to modesty, challenge equality with those that were accounted *most excellent*; for she had a lovely fair Eye full of strong Inchantments, a modest Cheek enriched with Bashfulness, and a Face so generally cloathed with Beauty and Blushes, that there was an infinite promise of much ensuing Vertue: her Stature was but low, yet composed with such a true Symetry and Proportion, and so agreeable with every

every other Lineament through the whole Fabrick of her Body, that had *Apelles* beheld her, he would have forsworn his *Idol*, to have made *Hollandia* his *Goddeſs*. In ſhort, Let it ſuffice me to ſay, ſhe was truly handſom, exceeding hopeful, and had not the *Devil* been too buſie and ambitious, ſhe might have been moſt *felicitous*; but always where the Houſe is cleaneſt, there *Diabolus* deſires to enter moſt and ſooneſt; and if the *Guard of Grace* be idle or unwatchful, *Repentance* may follow, but it can never prevent ſurprizal by the Enemy; and ſo it fares with this Creature, for as *Heaven* had beſtowed upon her all outward Graces, to attract Vertue unto her, ſo had ſome ſiniſter Power, or the Corruption of her own Fleſh, invited ſuch a wicked Spirit to inhabit in ſuch a fair Manſion, that all *Goodneſs* became an utter *ſtranger* to her; ſhe was of ſuch a haughty, proud, diſdainful Nature,

so masculine in her Disposition, and
 so mad to encounter any Cross to her
 best beloved Fancy, that like the
 Spider, *that turneth all things to Poison*
which it tasteth, so she became an
 utter Atheist, the first step to a de-
 bauched Life, and would acknow-
 ledge no God, but her own Pleasure:
 she had from Mens praises, Womens
 envies, her Glasses flatteries, her Pa-
 rents tenderness, her Friends careful-
 ness, and her Companions amazedness,
 got such a true knowledge of her own
 Handsomness and Excellencies, that
 she did not only believe it and love it,
 but mightily doted upon it. Nor did
 this foolishness of Self-love alone so
 much bind her to the admiration of
sweet Self, as a proud and uncon-
 troulable Conceit of the Excellency
 of her Wit, (far above the Sphere of
 other Womens Capacities) so that
 she could make Remarks (whether
 true or false, matters not) of her
 Neighbours Converse and Carriage;
 such

such a one a *Long-tail'd Trull*, another a *Dull Jade*, a third a *Dough bak'd Dunce* ; she scorn'd the acquaintance of such silly foolish Girls who Cluck and keep under their Parents Wings in *hopes* of a Husband, and wait with a great deal of patience for him ; at last some *Clown*, of a Capacity much of a scantling with theirs, comes a *Caterwauling* or Wooing of Money ; for as for the Wife his Love is so ardent he does not care if she dies next day. No, no, she has higher Matters, profounder Projects a compassing and carrying on. These and such like Self-adulations at last enslav'd her to embrace this Conclusion, *That she only was excellent.*

. Now she begins to hate her Father's House, the Country is unpleasant, uninhabitable, obscure and dirty ; that all Housewives Employments were *stupid* ; to live with Parents, was but to live in Bondage ; that all Commandments were Cur-

ies , and Obedience only a Figure of
 Simplicity and Ignorance : ‘ Daugh-
 ‘ ter , Daughter , do this thing , or
 ‘ t’other thing ; *Yes forsooth Mother* ,
 (cries the obedient Kitling) *I go for-*
sooth. Yes indeed-- Look how silly
 it looks. She would often say within
 her self , ‘ What is Beauty , if not
 ‘ seen ; what seen , if not admired ;
 ‘ what admired , if not desired ; and
 ‘ what any , or all , if not enjoyed ?
 ‘ and where shall all these Buds of
 ‘ my Hopes be gathered here , in
 ‘ this lonesom place , from the Blos-
 ‘ soms of Trees , the Heaps of Stones ,
 ‘ the Bubbling of overflowing Foun-
 ‘ tains , or the ever-forlorn dul^l Rab-
 ‘ ble of Country *Coridons* , Clowns
 ‘ and Herdsmen , who see no diffe-
 ‘ rence betwixt me and their Draggie-
 ‘ tail’d Mopsa *Doll* , or *Maudlin* ? I
 ‘ find , says she , my Spirit and Pulse
 ‘ beat quite another way from those
 ‘ ancient Heroine Ladies , whose
 ‘ chief delight and pleasure was plac’d
 ‘ in

‘ in melancholy places. Poor mourn-
 ‘ ful Turtles ! Mopusses that could
 ‘ sing a dolesom Song for the los of
 ‘ their Knight Errant, to the Tune
 ‘ of,

*Farewel, fair Woods, where sing the Nigh-
 tingales ;*

*Farewel, fair Fields, where feeds the light-
 foot Doe ;*

*Farewel, ye Hills, ye Groves, and flowry
 Dales ;*

But fare thou ill, the cause of all my Woe.

*A heavy, sad and Swan-like Song sing I,
 To ease my Heart a while before I die.*

‘ And then set down (as the Poet
 ‘ ph~~is~~es it) upon a green Carpet
 ‘ of their Mother Earth, all over ena-
 ‘ mel’d with variety of sweet smel-
 ‘ ling Flowers, breathing out some
 ‘ sad Sighs and Accents, die away
 ‘ in a Dream, till some *Fortunatus*
 ‘ Knight or other chancing to alight
 ‘ for refreshment, and seeing a well-
 ‘ shap’d Lady lockt in dull *Morpheus*

' heavy Chest, out of civility waits
 ' (though his haste be urgent) till the
 ' sleepy Clown *Somnus* gives his fair
 ' Captive liberty ; after which fol-
 ' lows a most long long Ceremony of
 ' Complements, Courtesies, Won-
 ' derments, Admirations, Astonish-
 ' ments, to find her in that uninha-
 ' bited and desolate place, with a te-
 ' dious Relation of Charms, Witches,
 ' Wizards, Inchantments, Screech-
 ' owls, Bats, Black Guards, Black
 ' Castles, Giants, Hobgoblins, and
 ' I know not what. No, no, my in-
 ' clination does not lead me that
 ' way ; I am for Mirth, Jolly Com-
 ' pany and Musick. Here I can hear
 ' nothing for Musick, but the Howl-
 ' ing of Wolves, the Bleating of
 ' Sheep, or the Lowing of Oxen, the
 ' hideous Cry of Asses, or the infer-
 ' nal Throat of the Peacock ; here's
 ' no Balls, Mums, or Masks, unless
 ' *Ralph* now and then dresses himself
 ' up in a few Ashen Bows, or a Car-
 ' ter

' ter gets the Forehorse Bells and ties
 ' them about his Legs to dance the
 ' Morice. I am quite weary of all
 ' this, and I long to visit the City,
 ' the Sphere of Beauty ; there are her
 ' Temples, there live her Votaries,
 ' and there burns her Sacrifice. Let
 ' me live in the City, where, with
 ' the assistance of glittering Jewels,
 ' Ornaments, rich Cloaths, Perfumes,
 ' and other additions, I shall outshine
 ' all, or at least equal all.

Upon these and the like resolutions, she throws her self into a deep Melancholy ; her Meat that will not go down ; Sleep is too near a Kinship to Death, she hates it ; all Company seems rude, she loaths it ; all Discourses are unpolish'd and grate her ears ; and, to conclude, as an *ex-nimiated Carcass*, she walks with no Soul, and but half a Motion.

Her Parents quickly perceive this alteration, and, like noble Physicians, labour to find out the Cause to make the
 the

the Cure more easie ; but she that
 had lock'd up the Secrets of her Soul
 in a Fort impregnable , became,
 through Disdain and a stubborn Re-
 solution, impenetrable to all their en-
 deavours , that sooner might they
 bring the Poles together, than sepa-
 rate her from one tittle of her private
 resolution ; wherefore finding her
 fixed, they leave off to molest her,
 only observe all Occasions and all Cir-
 cumstances, every Passage and Acti-
 on that might give any light to those
 Designs, Plots and Contrivances in
 which they perceived she laboured
 with such difficulty. In the end, her
 Father, by a narrow watch, ha^ving
 heard her steal down into the Gar-
 den one bright Moon shiny Night, he
 got in as soon as she, and planted
 himself in the corner of an Arbour,
 (as well to see what she was a going
 to do, as to prevent any desperate
 mischief which the Devil might
 tempt her to in this fit of the melan-
 choly

choly Sallens) he saw her retire to the further end of the Garden, where taking up her Seat on a Bench, her Father stealing behind the Quickset within the distance of her speeches, might hear her utter these words :

‘ O Life , which hast deceived so
 ‘ many , seduced so many , blinded
 ‘ so many ! thou art nothing at thy
 ‘ beginning , thy Light is nothing
 ‘ but a shadow , sweet to Fools , bit-
 ‘ ter to the Wise ; who loveth thee ,
 ‘ knoweth thee not , who knoweth
 ‘ thee , despiseth thee : whil’st in my
 ‘ tender Age and Years kept under
 ‘ in a slavish fear and awe of Pa-
 ‘ rents , and at School terrified daily ,
 ‘ now arriv’d to Maturity , what
 ‘ Dangers , Difficulties , do present
 ‘ themselves for a new encounter ,
 ‘ how , which way to steer for a fu-
 ‘ ture , comfortable , happy and splen-
 ‘ did Life ? I find clearly my Pa-
 ‘ rents Thoughts fly *too low* for me ,
 ‘ who at most think of nothing but
 ‘ coupling

' coupling of me to some *Termagant* me
 ' *Bull* or other here in the Country her
 ' that has more Money than W Au
 ' and more of either than *Gentili* the
 ' or *Honour* in him ; there must I b the
 ' still inured and cloystered up ' n
 ' Mud-walls with Cart loads of Car ' C
 ' upon me, about making Butter an ' f
 ' Cheese, looking after the Dairy ' t
 ' milking of Cows, carrying Egg ' e
 ' to Market, and such like Drudgery ' e
 ' more foreign to my fancy than any ' e
 ' thing in the World. And here she
 made a full Period. When her Fa
 ther immediately pressing upon her
 unexpectedly and suddenly, put her
 into a fearful start, but that being
 soon over, her Father presently be
 gan to demand the Cause of this
 Quarrel betwixt Her and Life, urging
 her ingratitude, to condemn that
 from which she had received more
 than ordinary Lustre, Pleasure and
 Comfort, applying her Beauty, Wit,
 Youth, and all her other Accomplish-
 ments

ments as unrefellible Arguments of
 her great Obligations to Life and the
 Author of it, who had brought
 them into the World, and made
 them beloved of the World.—‘What
 ‘my dear *Hollandia*, and what the
 ‘Child of my Age, wishes and de-
 ‘sires ! the Child of my hopes thus
 ‘to languish in despair, thus to open
 ‘thy Heart to the Devil’s Bath, Me-
 ‘lancholy, to invite him in and say,
 ‘*Prithee, Devil, furnish me with Ar-*
 ‘*guments against Life, and the nee-*
 ‘*riness of it*, and so by an oblique
 ‘fetch argue against God, the glo-
 ‘rious Author of it ; fill my Head
 ‘with foolish Notions, which none
 ‘but Atheists admire and make use
 ‘of to find fault with the Creation,
 ‘because they and their dear Instru-
 ‘tor the Devil find little comfort
 ‘in’t, because of their wickedness.
 ‘Throw off, my dear Child, such
 ‘fond and evil Thoughts, apply thy
 ‘self to the study of Religion, which
 ‘will

' will teach thee other things, which did
 ' way to disappoint and make the of
 ' Devil fly from thee. As for those Cau
 ' Dangers and Difficulties which yet
 ' thou seemest so much to fear, they in
 ' will all vanish when thou intirely the
 ' givest up thy Heart to the disposal fal
 ' of God ; trust Him and his Provi. Lie
 ' dence, who hath been pleased to th
 ' assure us he taketh care for us. or

Hollandia gave the hearing to this th
 heavenly Harangue, with a silent or
 bashfulness, fuller of Deceit than ca
 Innocence, and forbearing to reply, C
 gave him an occasion to pursue her fi
 with all the strength that Nature, f
 Love, and a Father's Authority, could v
 collect together, urging her to repose n
 in his faithful bosom the Cabinet of
 her dearest Councils and the Secrets
 of her Soul ; whereupon she either
 unwilling to lose so fair an oppor-
 tunity , or to apparel her envious
 Grief in the Robes of Obedience
 with a seeming unwilling willingness
 did

did disburden her Heart of that Load of Grief which had so long been the Cause of this discontented Solitude; yet she cloathed her nearest desires in a habit more pleasing to her Father's eye, and with a great many false Disguises, some Truth and more Lies, she gave him to understand, that it was not out of any disrespect or undutifulness to him or her Mother, a weariness of their company, or living at home, but out of a due care to discharge him of much Care, Cost, and Incumbrance, that she desired to see what Fortune would do for her in a populous City, which was more likely for her Advancement than in the Country, because those two Pillars of Posterity, *Honorable Marriage*, and *Rich Trades*, had both there their pitch'd Residence.

No sooner said then assented to; so that there was no need of much Persuasion or Arguments, where both Parties

Parties were agreed upon the thing for he seemed to outrun her in willingness, and as if their thoughts had been cast in one Mould, with an equal diligence made preparation Money, Cloaths, and Conveniencies for her speedy departure, the Mother's consent also being not wanting. All things thus concentrating to her wishes, the work was in a trice effected, and she brought up to the City, and there settled in an honest *Magnifico's* Service.

Here, after the expence of some time, living as 'twere in a Change or Bourse of Resort of all kind of Persons, where Men and their Minds were continually Trucking for new Commodities, it was impossible this rich Jewel should stand unregarded gaping for a Chapman, or, like a Clicker, cry, *Sir, what do you lack!* No, no, unsullied Beauty, like the Sun, will give Light to a whole Hemisphere. and fair *Hollandia* had so

shot her Beams through every Corner of the City, that her Suitors were like *Corisca's Smocks*, infinite in number, many in good opinion, and but one at one time in employment; yet with such severity she governed her Passions, that the most modest and strictest Eye could hardly detect her; and she was the rather induced to this Severity with her Suitors, by beholding the Pictures of two famous *Courtezans* which hang in her Master's Gallery; The first, which was less fair, but more fortunate, had this Inscription, *Si non Caste tamen Cante*. The other, which was far beyond all for Beauty, and inferiour to none for Misery, had written over her this Inscription, *Nec Caste nec Cante*. On these two plain Songs she made several Descants, but the Close of every Strain was, *That to sin wisely, was to sin safely: That after-thoughts were foolish; And I would I had done so, or so, the simplest Sying*

in the World. Amongst the numberless number of her Suitors she chose one whom she knew honest by all mens report, frugal, near, and close-fisted, by her own experience industrious in his Affairs, and painful in his Profession, one that was handsom enough to love, and stout enough to controul, yet such an Idolater to her Beauty, that he would neither credit his Eyes nor Ears beyond what she would allow him on this *Tool* of a Man she fixed to make a *Husband* of, who had by nature a considerable large, strong and well-set Head of his own, and by much the fitter Fellow to bear those *Cart loads of Horns*, or *Brow-Antlers* which she intended to plant thereon yet for all this, the Man was far beyond and too good for her, who by his Profession (which was very gainful) might have liv'd very comfortably, had not the Devil and Womans Weakness conspired together

to make shipwreck of her Vertue, in whose ruin the poor unfornate Husband sunk also ; but now she shakes hands with Bashfulness and Fear, and the Manliness of her Courage meeting with the liberty of a bold Wives rudeness, she now dare both intice and lend an ear to Enticements ; 'tis true, an over-weening in her Friends, made them call Impudence, a *High Spirit*, and Looseness, a *pleasant, boon, careless, gentile Behaviour* ; but those that had been brought up in the same School of the *Devil's Academy*, knew well enough to what Port this Light Frigate now under Sail was bound. Many Assaults were given to this fair Fort, but some she withstood, to gain an Opinion of Goodness, and they were great ones ; some she durst not entertain for fear of after-repentance, to be laid up in Claps and pockified Lavender, and they were the loose Debauchees of the Town ; some she held at a distance, to mulct
their

their Purfes, and drain their Pock-
 ets, thefe were rich ones; and fome-
 thefe fcorn'd, thofe were Fools, Fie-
 lers, or Bafe Ones. But behold! the
 this Croud of Customers the Devil fac-
 himfelf (not fearing the difcovery of
 his cloven foot) would needs under-
 take a merry Rencounter at Tick-
 tack, fearing alfo to lofe fo rich a
 Prize, which he knew would not
 come to his Kingdom alone with his
 own Lading, but with the Spoils
 and Triumphs of a world of unfor-
 tunate Creatures of both Sexes; he
 fent to affault her one *Infamus*, a Pu-
 ritan Jefuit, a Fellow whom *Jucifer*
 had perfectly inftructed in the Dia-
 bolical Arts and Policies of Attempt-
 ing the ftrongeft Fort of Chafteity,
 and to qualifie him for a right *Knight*
Adventurer, had adorned him with
 all the deceivable Qualities and In-
 chantments of a feeming Goodnefs,
 an admirable Affability, and a vo-
 luble Tongue, as the faying is, well
 hung,

Peckham, so that Vertue her self could
 hardly have discovered him, without
 the use of her divinest Spectacles ;
 ! he had all the amiableness of a good
 Face, and a well-shap'd Body, which
 he made more glorious with good
 Cloaths and Gravity ; he had an
 excellent Wit, prompt and ready to
 serve him on all occasions, fraught
 with Delight and Learning ; he was
 full of Bounty and Liberality, and
 would draw his Purse as soon as his
 Tongue, a world of poor deceived
 People, especially Women, main-
 taining his Exchequer, and was, as
 I may say, inexhaustible, for as one
 fell off, he knew how to bait his
 Hook to draw another on, and when
 the *fire of Lust* was kindled in him
 by the *Devil's Bellows*, he was so full
 of delicate Petulance and enchanting
 Dalliance, that a cold, half-buried
 Anchorite would have engendred a
 flame from his Embers.

This

This great General for Hell (not alone in this, but in a world of other damnable Actions) comes with his Legions of Charms to besiege the Redoubt or weak Sconce, just then when a Mutiny was raised in the best of her Soldiers ; for Modesty was in disgrace and accused for a Coward, Chastity was scorn'd as a shadow and no substance, Bashfulness reputed weak and childish, Honour a Chimera, Good Fame a Dream, and indeed all the Vertues stood cashiered as Enemies to Pleasure, so that there was left none to withstand him but Seeming Denial, and, Frailty a Canon Law, and a Penal Statute.

Against these he rais'd such a Battery of sweet Discourse and charming Perswasions, that she stood amazed, and staggered at the first Onset, till fear of the Law and a little love to good Report stept betwixt her and the Enemy, and beat

him back with these or the like Arguments.

First, That her Reputation (not God or his Judgments) were so dear and tender to her, that she durst not give ear to his Sorceries. What, shall I throw away my Credit, and venture all at the Cast of one Lot? What will my Friends say, when they hear that the fair, but unfortunate *Hollandia*, seduced by your gilded Tongue, should do that which cannot be undone again, and endanger my self to be forsaken of all, destitute of Succour and Relief, die dreadfully in a Ditch, unpitied, and unlamented, besides all the Fury and Hurly-burly which may in reason be expected from a wronged and enraged Husband? And with that let fall a shower of Crocodile deceitful Tears; which had Innocence shed, would have increas'd her Beauty, but these did but heighten Deformity: But he with a Smile

C

(where-

(wherein one might have discerned Scorn) as knowing there must be some shew of resistance, *pro forma tantum*, lest the Citadel seem too easy to be won; he asked her, *What Reputation was?* she told him it was the very *Manna* and *Nepenthe* of generous Spirits, the *Goddeſs* of great *Courages*, and the *Triumph* of all *Noble Actions*; that 'twas a thing so delicate, so pure, and so unsporting, that the least Excess did blemish it, any vile or base Action dishonour it, Indiscretion or Idleness deface it, but *Prostitution*, (Oh foul thing!) that did wholly ruin and destroy it, a constant Friend that accompanied all good Actions, but if once forsaken, no Inquisition, no Search, no Prayers or Tears can ever again find it. Believe it, Sir, (said she) there is no such Misery, as to outlive Reputation, nor any folly like that which puts it in hazard. But he, to whom *Blasphemy* was familiar, soon brought

brought her and all her feigned Arguments to a *Nonplus* ; so that leaving all her *seeming Fastnesses*, she was content to hearken to Composition. This Capitulation assuring him of future Conquest, he now began to sing his own Triumph, and to make his Conditions more glorious, the assurance of her Affections more perfect, and his lascivious Pleasure of a longer liv'd indurance ; he began to discourse unto her the Lives and Legends (but not the Deaths and Disasters) of divers famous (or rather infamous) and renowned Courtezans ; but especially, above all the rest, and as a History best agreeing and paralleling with her own, he insisted upon the Life and Fortunes of *Lolléa Paulina*, the greatest Courtezan, the basest Whore, and the deceitfullest Bawd, that ever *Rome* knew. But here you must understand, that this subtile Engineer play'd but the flattering Historian ;

rian ; for he only touch'd at her
 Felicities, but leapt over her infinite
 Miseries. He told her also, to cover
 over his own luxurious wickedness
 and the wickedness of his own Country
 under the greatest Examples of
 Churchmen and their Wantonness
 and that it was a thing in those hot
 Countries and Climates but of a
 venial nature and obtain'd pardon
 most easily. ' Why, my dear Hel
 ' *landia*, should you and I debar our
 ' selves of Pleasure, when the most
 ' holy Men of our Church confess
 ' themselves subject to Frailties, when
 ' they use the ravishing Pleasure
 ' of Sodomy ? How many Cardinals
 ' could I reckon up, that have made
 ' Apologies for it ? nay, one Cardinal
 ' could find in his heart to couple
 ' with a *Bitch* : and when his bea
 ' ly *Inamorato* died, he built over her
 ' a stately Tomb or Monument, with
 ' this Inscription upon it :

*For thee, dear Bitch, this Tomb I
 builded have,
 Who fitter wert for Heaven, than a
 Grave.*

‘ Nay, his Holiness himself maintains
 ‘ his Nieces continually ; and who
 ‘ do you think they are, but Ladies
 ‘ of Pleasure ? who bring him good
 ‘ store of Nephews every Year ,
 ‘ to the increase of the Catholick
 ‘ Church ; and the Courtezans in
 ‘ Rome, under the very Nose of Ho-
 ‘ liness it self, constantly pay a great
 ‘ Sum of Mony into the Holy Cof-
 ‘ fers, for Licenses to keep up their
 ‘ Stews and Brothel houses. What
 ‘ tho’ the Hereticks cry out upon us
 ‘ and say,

*It must needs be bad Divinity,
 That with the Stews have such affi-
 nity,*

' We that are Catholicks, understand
 ' our Religion better than so, and the
 ' toleration it allows; we know the
 ' sin to be but venial, and is often par
 ' don'd with only beholding this Cru
 ' cifix; and therewithal he pull'd ou
 ' a Crucifix and shewed her: No
 ' shall the fear and mistrust, which
 ' you seem to have of your Husband
 ' affright you at all, being perswaded
 ' Heaven will work a Miracle for me
 ' as well as it hath formerly done fo
 ' others, to prevent the discovery
 ' Nor may you, (added he) my dea
 ' *Hollandia*, reproach the *Holy Mo*
 ' *ther Churches* Legends, and impeach
 ' them of Lies and Falshoods, for a
 ' much as *you must not believe you*
 ' *own Eyes or Ears*, or any of you
 ' *Senses* in Matters of *Faith*, since
 ' Faith is far above and soars highe
 ' than *human reason*.

But, to let this pass; Doctor, (she
 reply'd) Let me remind you of one
 thing, that you are got extremely
 beyond

beyond your Text ; for you were just now a going to relate to me the Life, History, and Actions, of the famous *Paulina*, who made such a report and bluster in the World, especially at *Rome* in her time. Oh, I beg your pardon, (answered the Jesuit) I confess I did a little deviate, but I suppose not altogether impertinently. Now then, in answer to your desire, take the Story in short of *Paulina* as followeth.

The History of Paulina.

YOU must understand then, my dear *Hollandia*, That there liv'd in the City of *Fano* in *Italy*, a Gentleman of poor and mean Fortunes, who by his fair and beauteous Consort had issue one only Daughter, whom they named *Lollea Paulina* ; they educated and brought her up with all the Breeding and Accom-

C 4 plishments

plishments of Art which their Poverty could well spare ; and as for the deficiency of Art, Nature made her more than ample amends, being of a Form so exceeding amiable, delicate, and rare, that she seemed above the Cast of usual Earthly Moulds ; her Father liv'd to see her arrive unto the age of Eighteen, and then took a trip into t'other World : her Mother died when she was young Poor *Paulina* being now left to the Fatigues of a perverse and changeable World, all alone without a Pilot to govern her, began to cast with herself which way she might arrive at Advancement, which she suppos'd (and justly enough) her exquisite Excellency deserv'd. Necessity, which they say makes the old Wife trot) at last brought her up to the City of *Rome*, where she had a great disadvantage in the setting off to sale that Beauty, (which might have been a Portion for her, had she followed

lowed the strict Rules of Vertue) by reason of her necessity and want of good Cloaths and Ornaments to appear like her self in the midst of a populous Court and City ; what shall she do in this Case ? she dar'd not at any time of the day shew her self abroad, but in the Evening Owl-light, she met with so many Taunts, Jeers, Jests, Mocks and Flouts, from the common Scullions, Kitchen-wenches, Scum of the City, for the most part, who would every where salute her with these Twits or such-like--- Madam, your Tail is most confoundedly upon the jog to the Paper-Mill ; will you be pleased to have *Jug Ruggels* the Rag-woman call'd to you ? I'll engage she shall give you three Ha'-pence for all the Cloaths on your Back--- Another would cry, Prithee let the Angel-Rag-Madam alone ; she has a sweet Countenance, and will make a very fit Tool or Implement for his Holiness,

ness, in his own Apostolical Stew or Baudy-house ; A Courtezan in Extraordinary, an't please ye. Well quoth a third, I cannot but think how my Lord Cardinals chops will so twitter at her ; down goes the Scarlet Beaver, with all the Ceremony and Complement in the World. And I wonder how so fair a Creature hath gone unespied or unsent for all this while : but those torn and shattered Coverings cloud her from the Eyes of the Court, who look upon none, if not gilded and adorn'd. Yet not so neither ; but she was observ'd by some of the more fashionable sort, who, to make sport among themselves, stiled her the true Catholick Madam Poverty, or the Lady Pen-niless ; which, when another Lady would needs know the reason of those Names, was answered by a Gentleman in the company, Madam, we nick-name her Catholick, because of her old antick Cloaths, like

as our Catholick Church has Antiquity for its Basis and Foundation. A very profound Comparifon on my word, replied the Lady : But I fancy, if we could get to the Speech of this Catholick Lady, as you call her, we should find her Wit would invent some Nick-names for you too, Gallants, as brisk Knights as you are, by your inventive Raillery, to play prizes on a Ladies Parts, perhaps not unlike the Answer which another Lady gave to some fuch Gallants as you are. She had on a Gown old fashioned, of the laft Ages wear, and fomething thredbare too, which a Gallant efpied, and thinking to break a Jelt with her, he very formally took up the Tail of her Gown, and kifs'd it, and again and again he fmackt it, till fhe took notice of it, and asked him the reafon of his fo doing ? Oh, Madam ! fays he, I always honoured Antiquity--- Do you fo, replied the Lady, you might then
have

have kiss'd my Bum, for 'tis elder
 than my Gown by Forty Years. And
 I think verily, (continued she) this
 Lady you so flout, (if her Wit be
 answerable to her Shape and Meen)
 would find out some netling Repar-
 tee or other, which would make some
 of you scratch where it did not itch.
 May be she would tell some of you,
 how dreadfully strong you smell of
 the Fop, nodding your addle Pates
 up and down, pawing with your
 Fists up and down, twirling your
 Cravat-knots ever and anon, unsea-
 sonably Combing and Carreening
 your Carraty Wigs, making the Hair
 fly into Ladies Mouths, shrugging
 up your lazy Shoulders, as if you had
 a thousand Lice about you, or rather
 the Scrubbado, standing with your
 Hat in your hand to a Lady, just like
 a Chamber-Pot or Looking-Glass, as
 if you intended to ask her if her
 Nature was gravid and wanted to
 let fly; and then, for want of di-
 scourse

scourse, stand as if you trod upon
 Eggs, trample, trample, trample,
 jig-um-bob, jig-um-bob your Arses
 up and down, as if you were ambi-
 tious to imitate the Dancing-Mare.
 May be she would tell some of you
 of your nasty driveling when you
 salute a Lady, letting your Spittle
 run into her Mouth; or it may be of
 a most loathsom stinking Breath, so
 that none can come near you for the
 Hogo of it, without their Noses were
 House-of-Office-proof, or took natu-
 ral delight in smelling *Assa-fætida*---
 You can no sooner (some of you)
 blow your Noses, but you must needs
 look into your Handkerchiefs, to see
 whether it be hard or soft; and then
 if the Oyster comes out whole, what
 does the man but turns that part of
 his Handkerchief outermost, and
 presently gives it a sling or sling a-
 gainst the Wall, dab; there lets it
 hang by Geometry, like Ice-drops,
 to please a Ladies contemplation, in
 the

the viewing his Nastiness; or if son
 be more careful not to fling the
 Filth away, yet will they squeeze
 it and quiddle it between their fin-
 gers, till they have lost it--- May
 be she would tell some of you
 your— Hold, Madam, replied
 Gentleman in the company, it would
 not be amiss after this pleasant Re-
 lery of yours on Mankind, to let your
 Ladyship see some of your own
 Sexes failings in this Looking-glass
 following, and then afterwards
 will give your Ladyship leave, with-
 out interruption, to go on in your
 Characters again. What then, Ma-
 dam, if I should acquaint you how
 humorfom and conceited you are
 your Carriage and Converse, or
 foolish, fidling; if a Gentleman
 not observable in all your little De-
 vices and Punctilio's, then you may
 seate presently; if he does not per-
 fume your Fan with a hundred an-
 fifty foolish Complements and Ex-
 pressions

preffions, Hyperbolical and Mon-
 strous; if he does not salute every
 thing you touch with his greatest
 affection, tho' it be the dirty ground
 you tread on, that shall be reason
 enough for your inconstancy to with-
 draw your favour from him; if he
 does not nimbly wipe away the dust
 from your seat, or if you drop any
 thing, be most obsequiously ready to
 take it up; or if he does not rudely
 thrust Folks from the Wall for you,
 or break a Porter's Head, for stand-
 ing with his Hat on before ye, or
 any such like nice silly things, then
 you cry, He is no Servant of mine,
 nor shall he ever see me more: As
 if true Love consisted in turning a
 slavish Drudge. Then, Madam, for
 your Arts and Policies, in daubing
 and painting, a Man would as soon
 kiss *Banks* his Mare, as some of your
 Sex, all belick'd, Pomatum'd and
 perfum'd with such a deal of Trum-
 pery and *French* Washes; What a
 most

most ravishing thing is it to see
 Lady all laid over, Breast, Neck and
 Face with *Fucus*, as the Painters
 prime Sign-Posts; with rich Amber
 grease, Musk and Civet, to take away
 the scent and fulsome smell of Ant
 pits, or something else, that is no
 altogether so delightful as Jessamy.
 What a taking thing is it, if by some
 unlucky Accident or other, a Man
 should surprize some of you in your
 Dressing-Chambers, before you are
 quite accoutred for publick view
 and should see you rise from Bed
 with never a Nose on your Face
 till you have put on a Silver one,
 supply that defect? Oh what a mar
 tifying thing would it be, to quell
 all the Darts of *Cupid*, to see the
 dear Idol, which the poor man adores
 is most intirely devoted to, when
 he courts, caresses, treats, hugs, and
 to rise up like the shape of Madam
 at *Endor*, or Mother *Shipton*, with
 great broad Plaister on her Face

head, which she lies in all Night to take away Wrinkles and Furrows, which old Farmer *Time* has been a Plowing and Harrowing there; or with an artificial Glass Eye, or an excellent Set of Elephants Teeth, plac'd in a string to clap in her Mouth, having lost all her natural ones by crauching of Sugar-plums when she was young? Add to which, a Pate as bald as the strictest Frier; and, to make her shew taller, wears a Top-knot will vye with the Monument; or the Heels of her Shooes so very finely long, that when you see her go, you must needs take her to walk upon Stilts. Now, Madam, I have almost spit my Venom; but I would have you by no means apply any of these things to your self, lest I incur your displeasure. But your Ladyship is sensible General Topicks and Satyr have been always allowable. I give you thanks, Sir, replied she, for your courteous

Cau-

Caution; but you know I am able
 to give you tit for tat, and bring
 what you will of Rubbish, your own
 Wheel-barrow shall carry it back.
 What if I should load it now with
 hundred and fifty Fools, Ninnies,
 loggerheaded Dunces, Nincunpoops,
 nitty, conceited, jealous-pated Cox-
 combs, would you not think much
 to rub away with them to the Dun-
 hil? What if I should tell you of a
 jealous Sot, that us'd to creep into
 an Oven every time any Gentleman
 came to visit his Wife, there to peep
 through a hole, and observe what
 Actions pass'd between them? O
 what a Bondage did such a Woman
 live in! For if the Gentleman came
 but near to kiss her, (tho' ever so in-
 nocently) presently began the Man
 in the Oven to feel for his Horns,
 thinking they were grown as big as
 a Stags, and might impede his way
 out of the Mouth of the Oven.
 Coxcomb! scratch his Pate for him

By my consent he should have been mured up there, and made to fast, as they starve Horn-mad Folks, till he had been recovered of his jealous Disease. What if I should tell you of another such like jealous Afs, that us'd to creep up the Chimny, where his Legs hung down so low, that they discovered his whole Body? Ah, Madam, replied the Gentleman, this is indeed a Cat of Nine-tails, a Pin and a Cruft for us; but, to retaliate your kindness, it may be next time I meet with you I will give you a Satyr upon some of your Sex that will fit you to a hair: In the mean time I am your most humble Servant.

But now let us return to *Paulina*, who at length having got better Ornaments, appeared publicly at *Rome*, where *Hippolito*, the great Cardinal of *Est* and Brother to the great and puissant Duke of *Ferrara*, beholding of her, instantly was struck with her most

most fiery Charms, grew enamour'd
 on her, and bought her at an infinite
 price; and when he had obtained
 this rich Prize, he maintained her
 far above the rank of the greatest
 Princesses, insomuch that at an in-
 terview of Embassadors, before the
 Pope in *Monte Angelo*, (the Inter-
 view being by Torch light for the
 greater State) Madam *Paulina* (for
 now we must call her so in this great
 Advancement) came also amongst
 the Ladies so covered, or rather o-
 vercovered with rich and sparkling
 Diamonds, and other precious Gems
 and Rubies, that, excepting her Face,
 (which the Sun it self was not able
 to darken) there could nothing be
 discerned, but a moving Flame of
 most glorious Fire, insomuch that her
 Face became like a Loadstone, at-
 tracting all Eyes unto it; they gaz'd
 and stood like Men amaz'd, and se-
 veral being there, beholding her, and
 who had more than ordinary skill,

did value this rich Beauty at more than a Million.

It is not to be express'd with what greediness of Spirit and earnest Delight *Hollandia's* Ears drank and suck'd in this Story of *Paulina*, fancying, like her, she should attain to the like height of Rior, Revels, Plays, and Feasts, and all manner of wasteful Delights, which were to her such dear Companions, that rather than lose them, she would lay both Life and Soul in pawn. Nay, *Hollandia* was such a true admirer of Pleasure, that tho' she knew well enough (she had so much sense in her) that there was no true Pleasure upon Earth, and that only Grief and Sorrow went up and down the World, covered over in the Cloaths of Pleasure and Content, yet was she resolved to suck all the sweetness she could, whil'st she liv'd and might do it; her Gallant, the *Jesuit* too, being

ing one of *Epicurus's* Scholar's, in still Con
the Doctrin of in p
man
Mea
lang
end

Ede, Bibe, Lude, post Mortem na
voluptas.

This voluptuous Mind of *Holla* ried
dia the Jesuit saw, this he knew, at am
finding her Spirits take fire at h he
words, he again pursued his stor, of
and shewed her how *Paulina*, havin Co
nothing but the *Revenue of Lust* bey
an excellent Beauty, was three time on
the richest, the greatest, and the mo an
respected Lady of all *Rome*. As fo
here he paus'd; for had he followe m
the truth of the Story, he must hav ti
shewed also, that the same *Paulin* fr
was also three times the poorest, be fi
fest, most dejected, miserablest, de E
spised Creature that *Rome*, or ever o
the *World* it self had ever reserve f
for memory in the Records of a f
Ages; nay, so exceeding hateful wa V
her Condition, and so infinite he C

Contempt, that she gave her Body in prostitution to the Common Hangman, for one poor single Meal's Meat, to sustain her famished and languishing Carcass; and, in the end died without Pity, and was buried without Ceremony. Had he amplified any thing upon this Text, he had marr'd his own Markets, and of a *Whore Profelite*, had made a *Convert*: But these were Whites beyond his Aim; Confusion was only within the reach of his Arrow, and that he hit; for his Words did so well please her, and his rich Promises so inveigle her, and his bountiful Gifts so ensnare her, that she freely gave him her Body in possession, and he enjoyed her in lascivious Embracements for some time without any Competitor.

But if the *Devil* owes any man a shame, he'll be sure to do his endeavour to pay it; and so far'd it with our Jesuit, who was caught, as the saying

saying is, *As Moss caught his Mare* that is, *napping*, one day by the over-credulous *Hollandia's* Husband. The Battel had like to have been fierce, if not bloody, on both sides, had not *Hollandia*, with a Woman's wiles, taken the Edge of the Cuckold's Horns off, who would otherwise have gor'd poor *Infamus* to death. But she Sugar-candied him up, and sweetned him with most solemn and hideous Imprecations of her Innocence and Honesty, and that she would not violate the honour of her Marriage-bed for a World. The poor Husband was forc'd to believe, and thought it prudence a little while longer to conceal his suspicion, till he met with some fairer opportunity; for true indeed tho' at this time he caught his Wife and *Infamus* together, yet they so hudled, when they heard him a coming, that he could not charge them with any undecent posture or behaviour.

He reserv'd his Resentments then for a fairer occasion, and *Infamus* took his leave with deep protestations, he never had, nor ever would do him any wrong that way, or any other, tho' at the same time teemed with Cogitations which way to be reveng'd on the Cuckold for this jealousy; when, on the other side, *Hollandia's* Husband, tho' he seem'd satisfied for the present with this blind fodering up the Sore, yet it began to run again, and Jealousie when it hath once infected the Brain, and the Man has got a Crick in his Pate, 'tis very hard to master: in pursuit then of his jealous Crotchets, he set his eyes more narrowly to watch *Hollandia's* steps, and became very cautious and wary. But see here now the fate of contraries! This poor Man, with all his Care and Circumpections, could espy nothing to foment the fire of Jealousie, tho' at the same time he was a Cuckold all over,

over, and his Wife was false and
 naught, yet the contrary jealousie of
 another man, who is suspicious of
 his Wives honesty, (tho' at the same
 time she be indeed intirely honest)
 shall hurry him to strange and un-
 warrantable Actions, only to sa-
 tisfie the Chimera of his own jealous
 Brain; the least word or motion of
 his Wife shall augment his fear,
 look'd upon (you must always sup-
 pose) through the Magnifying-glass
 of his own jealous Opticks. But if she
 chances at any time to kiss another
 Man, Oh then stand off Death and
 the Cobler! *Hororum, hororum!* feels
 upon his Forehead for his Horns, and
 is ready to run mad to Horn-fair pre-
 sently; such self-tormenting Crea-
 tures are we. But to return to *Hol-*
landia; She seeing this storm im-
 pending almost blown over, she be-
 gan anew to plot which way to come
 at her dear *Infamus*, that so laying
 their Heads together, (with the aid

of the Devil, always to be understood) she might get loose from these Bonds, and enjoy the Rovings of her Fancy more freely. Just as these Cogitations had taken hold of her *Pericranium*, up comes her Maid, with a Letter in her hand, directed for her; she took it out of her hand, and said, she suppos'd it was some Taylor or other had sent his Bill in, the poor Louse wanting Money. But however, to prevent the worst, she took Pen and Ink, and counterfeited a Hand like a Taylor's Bill, to avoid the suspicions of her Husband, who would ask what Letter 'twas came in to day. She had no sooner done, but she seal'd it, open'd it, and laid it on the Table, for her Husband to see when he came home. Having so done, she retired her self, with the true Epistle which she had received, into her Closet, where opening the Scrole, she saw what follows.

To Heavens fairest Image, the beautiful Thief of his Heart, Hollandia.

My dearest Fair,

M*ethinks I have still before my Eyes the wretched, grinning, wry-mouth'd Grimaces, which thy jealous-pated Husband made last Night, so that I ever since have begun to pity thy slavish condition, fancying he lay all Night long by thy side like another Medusa's Head, or rather snarling, like an angry Dog, that hath lost his Bone. In consideration of thy Misery, my Dear, I have fill'd my head with Contrivances for thy escape, if in case you will not be wanting to yourself: Meet me then about Nine o'Clock in the Piazza's of the Bourse without fail. I leave it to your Woman's Wit, to devise an excuse for your getting out. So I take leave for the present,*

present, wishing thee continually in
the Arms of thy Affectionate and
dearest Friend,

INFAMUS.

And I will be sure to meet thee,
my dear Jesuit, quoth *Hollandia*,
since thy thoughts jump so equal
with mine. In the interim, *Infamus*
had devised a Letter, writ in a strange
Hand; which he contriv'd so, that
it should only fall into the hands of
Hollandia's Husband. The Contents
of this Fob-Letter was to this ef-
fect :

I Have no great Concern for your
Good, being a perfect stranger to
you; yet so far forth, as I may con-
duce to the safety of your Person, Re-
ligion binds me to make this Discovery
to you, That one *Infamus*, a Jesuit,
having laid a Plot to surprize you,
and carry you into some obscure place,

for revenge of some Affronts you put upon him ; it will therefore be your wisdom, first to begin with him ; Accuse him before the Magistrate. And that you may be assured of the truth and reality of this Information, and that it is no false, feigned Fiction, to deceive you, I would have you wait about the Eagle-Inn ; there, if you see not strange, hideous Fellows, with Furred Caps, Buff Belts, Broad Swords, in and out, then credit Me, nor the Tale any thing at all : But if you do, desire you would forthwith repair behind the Brick-hill-fields, where you shall hear further what you are to do.

Farewe

Hollandia's Husband received the false Note, and being very credulous as most Cuckolds are, he presently hies him away, and lurks covertly all about the Avenues of the Eagle Inn ; by and by he spys strange fellows

lows indeed, with uncouth Whiskers and Habits, go to and fro frequently in and out of the House: these his mind suggested were the Assassins, that were design'd to seize him; which strong imagination having no sooner seiz'd his senses, but away he goes and provides an Officer of like Authority, with our Constables, and bid him be ready with twenty Halberdiers at an Hour's warning. In the mean time, he is to go to the back-side of the *Brick-hill-fields*, to hear further what he is to do, according to the intricague of the Note. *Infamus*, by his Spys, having notice, that the Bubble was set a swimming, and the Train he had laid took effect, immediately in the Piazza's of the Burse expects his dearly beloved *Hollandia*; he had taken but two short turns of a Sentinel, but he spys a Vizard make up that way, which prov'd indeed to be her, according to his wish: small time he spent with

her there, but handed her forth to a Tavern, whose back Walls of their Garden or Orchard, reach'd far beyond the House, and a very fine Arbour or high-built Summer-house at the end thereof, whose Windows overlook'd all the Plain, and were distant about half a Mile from those Brick-hill-fields, where *Hollandia's* Husband was to run like a Tantony-Pig, to hear further of the Plot against him. They had no sooner taken up their Seat in the Summer-house, with all the Caresses, Banquets and Treats of a civilized Rogue and Whore, (the deceiving of the Cuckold heightning the Maygame of their Mirth) I should say of a Genteel Gallant and his Miss, but they might perceive afar off, out of their Summer-house Window, *Hollandia's* Husband all alone, wandering in the Fields for intelligence, sometimes looking one way, sometimes another. *There's the poor Goose-cap, crys*
Hol.

Hol.
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Hollandia. What Frensie possesses him to run amongst the Brick-hills? Oh, replied *Infamus*, he wants intelligence, and he shall have it with a flea in his Tail. And with that sends into the House for a great Speaking Trumpet, which he had planted there beforehand; which being brought to him in the Summer-house, he forthwith applies it towards that way, where he saw *Hollandia's* Husband walking, speaks in't, Stay a little longer, and you shall hear more. The sound was no sooner arrived at the ears of the poor Man, but all agast and amaz'd, he stares this way; then that way; down to the Earth; up to Heaven; sees nothing: this puts him into the imagination it must needs proceed from the Devil or some Diabolical Delusion, (and therein he was not much besides the Mark, since it was an incarnate one he had to deal with). Again, *Infamus* applies his Trumpet, Go presently to the great Oke yonder, a

Mile off, and there you shall see something.
 Something, Devil ! crys the Man,
 What is't I shall see ? However,
 I'll go and see, whatever comes on't.
 Away trudges Pilgarlick to the great
 Oke ; but no more could he see there
 of any thing that concern'd him, un-
 less he was minded to gather Acorn-
 cups, or Ivy-leaves. Lying, deceit-
 ful Devil ! how foolish was I, to be-
 lieve these fancies ? I'll e'en make
 hast home and make reparation to
 my business, for thus sottishly spend-
 ing my time. But he was no sooner
 come back within reach of the Trum-
 pet, but *Infamus* winds him in the
 ear again. Poor Fellow, thou imaginest not
 hast enough, thy Wife with her Gallant,
 were both there, hadst thou went in time.
 This puts him to the Mule again,
 what he had best to do, either to
 wait longer, or to go home. *Infam-*
us lets him breath a little, to ponder
 in his mind, and then at him again
 with a hollow voice, Wait a little longer.

At

At last, having had sport enough with the Gull, they conclude to retire; whereupon the last sound *Infamus* gave him was, Go presently to the Eagle-Inn, and seize the Villains.— He had no sooner receiv'd this Lur-ry, but they went off from the Tavern, and planted themselves near the *Eagle Inn*, in a House where they could see all that was done.— *Hollandia's* Husband pondering with himself what he had best to do in the case, supposing if he followed the advice of this infernal Voice, he might be seduced and render himself ridiculous, imagining the Note he received and all, now came from the *Devil*; on the other hand, he thought if he should slight it, something or other might ensue to his detriment; he finally concluded, since he had appointed the Officer, he would go and see what sort of Fellows those were. Instantly getting the Officer, they go to the
Eagle.

Eagle Inn, where the Men they were to seize were *Switzers*, newly come in as Auxiliaries ; and their Captain wondring much at a Seizure in his Quarters, was at length acquainted by the Officer, it was this foolish Man's mistake ; and thereupon flung away from him in a rage, for making of him come on a fool's errand, leaving him to the mercy of the Croud ; which was such, that after they had hunted him like a Woodcock, from Street to Street, they at last fuddled his Nose at the Pump, and finally, crown'd his foolish Head with a great Sh—Pot, which run down from top to bottom ; asking him, *if he'd come to seize Troopers again ?* Thus poor unfortunate *Jack* returns home with a heavy heart, yet studying revenge all the way, nothing doubting but these tricks were plaid him by the artifices and devices of the villain *Infamus*, for the Pump had opened his eyes, chancing to look up where he

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he might behold his goodly Wife *Hollandia*, and that devilish Jesuit laughing at his Misfortunes out of a Garret-window, far above his dull eye-sight, as they imagined, but were much mistaken in their measures, when a messenger brought them word, whom they had set to observe him all along, that he foam'd forth violent Curses against the She-Devil his Wife *Hollandia*, with a deluge of Menaces and Threatnings against that damned Villain *Infarnus*, who had procured him all this mischief. This News puts them on the alarm; and being unresolv'd what to do, they call'd a Consult in their own private retirement, and concluded both of them to fly their Country together, and with what Wealth they could scrape together in their concerns, set up a House of Entertainment, where she was to be Baud, and he Pimp. No sooner said than done: Away they pack up their

their Tools and Trinkets, and he
 out of Town with expedition. They
 had no sooner got out of Town, but
 they were pursued, by the order of
Hollandia's Husband; but escaping
 into an old Hovel or Hogstye, till
 the Hue and Cry was past them, and
 then rousing out of their Den, they
 pursued their Journey with celerity
 drawing near a Town, they agreed
 to separate for their Lodging, lest
 notice might be taken. *Hollandia*
 was first to enter the Town, where
 she took up her Lodging; after her
famus came in, and lodg'd at another
 Inn in the same Town, appointing
Hollandia to stay at the Towns-end
 the next Morning. But an unlucky
 Accident happening, was like to
 have made a separation between
 them; for *Hollandia's* Husband, lo-
 sing his Hue and Cry-men, happen-
 ed to arrive at the same time, with
 a weary Body and a perplexed Mind,
 and, as ill luck would have it, he
 chanced

chanced into the same Inn where *Infamus* was lodged ; but coming in very late, all the Beds in the Inn were full, two in a Bed, except that Bed where *Infamus* was lodg'd, who had no Bedfellow with him ; the Chamberlain told *Hollandia's* Husband, there was no room for him ; all was full. But he resolute, was resolv'd to have his Lodging there, or no where. Why then, replied the Chamberlain, you must of necessity lye with another, for every Bed hath two in 'um , unless one that has a single Gentleman. So up comes the Chamberlain to *Infamus*, and tells him he must make room for a man to lye with him, being one that was resolv'd of a Lodging. *Infamus*, mad to be wak'd out of his sleep, and madder yet to hear of a Bedfellow, cried yout, You Rogue, did not I tell you my mind, that I would have none lodge with me ? Get you down, Sirrah ! and prevent him
 coming

coming hither, or I'll break the Neck of thee. The Chamberlain, perplexed betwixt them both, went down again; but in the mean time, whilst the Chamberlain was gone down, *Infamus* got out of bed, and plaistered his Hands and Face all over with pieces of brown Paper, which he soak'd and wetted in the Chamber-pot, to prevent the worst, fearing lest the stranger might come up, for all his huffing and hectoring at the Chamberlain, as indeed it happened; for *Hollandia's* Husband, furious to be delayed, immediately following the Chamberlain up stairs, entred the Room where *Infamus* lay, just as he had plaistered himself, and laid him down in his Bed. But oh what a panick fear and consternation seiz'd on the heart of poor *Infamus*! when he saw *Hollandia's* Husband enter the Room; it almost took away his sense, and fear so overpowered him, that incontinently he bewrayed the

the Bed with a filthy Savour. *Hollandia's* Husband took no notice who lay in the Bed, but began in haste to undress himself, putting off his Stockings and Shooes and Cloaths, just ready to jump into Bed, when *Infamus*, having put the end of the Sheet into his Mouth, to alter his Voice and *Lingua*, with a hoarse Voice, speaking through the Nose, cried out, *Have you had 'um? Have you had 'um?* *Hollandia's* Husband amaz'd at such a Voice as spoke the Man half rotten, and beholding his Plaisters on his Hands and Face, a Spectacle most dreadful; and drawing near the Bed, he smelt so odious a stink and odour enough to poison a Polecat, all astonish'd at his Bedfellow, he cried out, *Have I had 'um? Have I had 'um? Had what, and behang'd? — The Pox? crys t'other — The Pox! — you Son of a Whore? No, I think not; nor do I intend it. — I have had 'um seven times,*
quoth

quoth *Infamus*— Lye by your self
with your Pox in your Arse, and you
will, you nasty poison slave you: Foh
And therewithal flung out of the
Room in a fury down stairs, cur
sing the Chamberlain, and profes
sing he would lie with the Horse
first.

Infamus being thus got rid of *Ho
landia's* Husband, the great Enemy
he feared, lay all Night without
sleeping till break of Day, and then
rose, called for his Horse, paid him
Shot, and away rid out to the Towns
end, expecting the coming of *Ho
landia* in a covert secret place; he
waited long in patience and fear, for
she came not till about six a Clock
but being come, they proceeded on
in their Journey, all the way *Inf
mus* entertaining her with the rela
tion of the last Nights adventure
to her great amazement: but she
said, it was but a good Omen to
their future good Fortune; for Cuck
olds

olds are the most unfortunate Fellows in the World; and had it been another Man, she doubted not but he would have had the good luck to have discovered them. Thus riding in the Road, till they arrived at a small Town, they there alighted, and took their Morning's Repast; and finding this an obscure Village, something lying out of the Road, they agreed to stay here all the day, and lye perdue, to baulk all inquisition and pursuit after them. Here they got acquaintance with some of the Farmers; and *Infamus* playing some of his old Tricks and Cheats, the place became too hot to hold them in a short time; so that they were forced to their Pilgrimage again. At length, journeying so long till they supposed themselves out of reach of Gunshot, or in safety from the Molests of the Cuckold, or their cheated Friends, they then settled themselves; and *Hollandia*, who had
till

till now enjoyed her infamous Jesuit, without any in competition with him; but Lust is a Gangrene, and having once poisoned a Member, never leaves spreading, till the whole Body be tainted and confounded with it; she hath now broken one Link in the golden Chain of Chastity, and she cares not tho' all the rest be dissolved; hence it came, that the multiplicity of her Prostitutions ensue: she entertains more Devils, (one Devil being much too little to satiate her Whoredoms) variety is pleasant, one Ship yields small Custom, great Navies fill large Treasures, and her Revenues came in with such full Tides, that false Pleasure made her believe, that there would never be an ebb.

In this unchast Progress she took an essay or tast of all Dregrees, all Professions and all Conditions, from the Noble to the Genteel, from the Camp to the City; her Ears had
heard

heard all Languages, her Purse had received all Coins, and had not her Fortune been more favourable than her hellish Desires, her Body had been confounded with all manner of Putrifications and Diseases.

Here resorted the descreet and debonair *Italian* with all his softnesses, but not without Money; the bunch-bellied *German* to fuddle and drink up *Hollandia's* Delicana's, but still with Money in hand; the brisk *Englishman*, to bait the Nag of an *English* Race-horse, not without Money, that is to be *subintelligitur* all along; not forgetting the lecherous *Monsieur*, *John de Frenchman* got Shilling in hand, sport a leedle, *gone de presant*.

But in the end, looking back into her self, and beholding into what a crazy and rotten Bark she had shipt her self on a rough and tempestuous Sea, where infinite Diseases lay gaping upon her; the Terror of
the

the Laws ready to devour her, Shame
and Beggery overtake her ; and last-
ly, the Curse of all Curses, to make
her Last Will and Testament on a
Dunghil, or a Ditch, (as our *English*
famous Whore, *Jane Shore* did) or
at the best, in a Spittle ; this did so
perplex her, that being cloy'd with
satiety and sin, as weary of her as
she was weary of sinning, (not for
Piety-sake, but for other Causes, as
I have told you) she began to turn
over the Leaf of her Wickedness,
and though she had no thought of
amendment, yet she will take a new
course for the safety of her Health
and Person.

She will no more be a *Lais*, but a
Lena ; no more a bewitching Whore,
(unless it be by the by now and then,
as she sees her advantage) but a de-
ceiving Band ; the sins of others shall
maintain her sin ; she will no more
trust her self on the Surges, but will
Traffick and Merchandize by Fa-
ctors,

ctors, and according to the Wealth of her Wares, so shall be the increase or decrease of her Revenues.

She had no sooner settled her self in this Resolution, and sealed it before Hell and her own evil Conscience, but presently she puts it in execution; and that she might frame all Accommodations suitable to her Design, she looks forth for a better House, her own wanting Elbow-room; she must have many Meanders, many Labyrinths, Holes, Passages, Back-doors, False-stairs; Deeds of Darkness do ever require dark Corners.

At last she lights upon an old ruined Castle, which I may well term the Black Castle, newly repaired, so commodiously placed both for her home-bred Customers and foreign Visitants, as well for the Hawk or Buzzard, that flies by day, as the Owl or Bat, that flutters by night, that her heart could not wish a place
of

of better convenience ; the Sea on one side did beat against the Walls, and both tall Ships, Pinnaces and Flyboats might there Anchor in safe Harbour ; on the other side it had some flight Intrenchments, which although they were but weak and assailable, yet the Sea on t'other side, upon any Assaults made upon her, did afford her Ammunition, Victuals, and at last, to fly away, if there was a force-put.

And that a good Name might patronize her evil Actions, she caused this Castle to be called by a good old Duke's Title, though I can afford it no better Name than the Black Castle.

Of this Castle, by contract, she got possession ; and her Purse well filled, and weighing heavy, she could afford to lay out pretty considerable in the ornamental Repairs and Beautifying of it ; there wanted nothing for State, nothing for Magnificence,

work, whereon she was to build the foundation of her hopes, was yet to find out, and utterly beyond her reach and compass, and that is another convenient Black Castle; she will no more trust Old Ruins or Religious Neighbours, for those will endure no battery; she will have a House of Strength, a Fort, a Bulwark, a Place so impregnable, that when all shall be vanquished, her Castle shall stand in defiance and contempt of the Enemy, to the Renown of her Name amongst the Amazons of the World.

And that she might attain such a place, she ranges through every part and promising place of the City; but all in vain, those Buildings are so linkt one to another. She then surveys the Suburbs, but finds none to content her.

At last she betakes her self to the Sea, and makes a discovery

upon the Water ; there she finds many Provinces, many Rocks, many Islands, to which Nature had lent much strength ; but not so perfect, but Art must be used and employed in the Fortifications of them ; and that was too costly for her yet ebbing and empty Pockets.

Half tired with her search, and being on the point to return, she was suddenly informed of a place very fit for her purpose, being exceeding well situated and commodiously planted for all Accommodations ; it was out of the City indeed, yet in view of it, only divided by a delicate River. There were many handsome Buildings not far off it too ; yet at the first foundation it was renowned for nothing so much as for the Memory of the famous Amazon, or Madam Bauc. *Longa Margarita*, (I find the Dut.
hav

have had a *Long Margery*, as we in *England* have had a *Long Meg of Westminster*) who had in that Place, or strong Castle, kept a famous infamous House of open Hospitality.

She no sooner heard this Report, but presently, turning her Sails, she made out in all hast for the discovery of this Coast ; where being arrived, she found such abundance of natural and artificial Intrenchments, that even the House seemed to be in it self a little City.

This Fort, Cittadel, or Mansion-house, was so invested and environed round with Bulwarks, Circumvallations, Sconces, Redoubts, and all manner of Fortifications, after the modern and most exact manner, that had that impregnable *Rhodes* taken thence its Pattern, neither the *Turks Wealth*, or the *Traytors Wit*, could ever have

betrayed it ; for before ever any Foe or Enemy could approach this strong Hold, he must march more than a Musket - shot on a narrow Bank, where three People could not go abreast, betwixt two dangerous Ditches, very deep and full of Mud ; then enter a Port Bulwarked on every side, and cross immersed both before and behind with deep Ditches, a Draw bridge, and fundry Pallisado's ; then another Passage, in all points like the former, fluced with Ditches, and barricadoed with strong Ramparts ; then another Ditch of a much larger continent than any before spoke of, which ran like a Circumference, and girded in its arms all the whole Mansion ; then a world of other

- Bulwarks, Parapets, Ditches, Trenches, and Outworks, which hemm'd
- in the Orchards, Gardens, outward Courts, Barns, and Stables, making

making every one capable of a several Fight, and every Fight able for many hours to hold an whole Army of Men in play. Now, after all this large and particular description, if you will not allow this to be indeed a Black Castle, I know not what to say to you.

After *Hollandia* had taken a full Survey of this Place of Fortitude, and seen how fit and commodious it was for her purpose; she then enquires what other benefits were appertaining to it, as Neighbourhood, pleasant Walks, concourse of Strangers, and things of like nature; in all which she received a full satisfaction; especially, and above all the rest, she was most taken with the report of three famous *Amphi-Theatres*, which stood so near scituated to her place of strength, that her eye might take view of them from her lowest Turret or Gallery.

One of these *Amphi-Theatres* was the Continent (as I may so say) of the World, because half the Year a world of Beauties and brave Spirits resorted unto it.

The other *Amphi-Theatre* was a building of great hope; and though wild Beasts and Prize Players, or Gladiators, did most possess it, yet the Gallants that came to behold those Combats, though of a mixed society, yet were there many good *Knights of Venus* amongst them, that would in all probability take up in her Castle there, to try an Adventure now and then, especially being so near and so famous.

The third and last Theatre which stood very near unto this Fortress, being in times past as famous as any of the other, was now fallen to decay.

With these Reports *Hollandia* was ravished beyond measure; so that
fearing

fearing to lose the instant opportunity, without further delay, she presently went and inquired, who had the letting of this Fort or *Black Castle*? that being found, she had the view of it on the inside, which pleased her as much as the outside. Time must not be lost; the Bargain is struck up immediately; Possession is given; the Keys delivered, and when she pleases she may enter with her Goods.

After these Proceedings, with great joy of Heart, and alacrity in her Countenance, she returned home again to the City, to prepare *Men-Cattel*, and *Women-Cattel*, Ammunition for Defence, Wenches for Use, and Victuals for Maintenance; as for Household-Ornaments, Furniture, and Accommodations of like nature, those she intended to increase according to the strength of her Coffers, and as her Treasure came in.

Her Desires were so great, that her Haste in the Execution could not be little; she will not lose a Minute to prepare her Voyage for Hell, but according to the old Saying, *Running from Post to Pillar, and made Hay whil'st the Sun shined;* she foreflows no occasion, till she have all things fit for her new Work; which obtained, she imbarks herself, and makes out towards her wished-for Harbour, where in a little space of time she arrived, and landed with her Household-servants as followeth: *Viz.*

Four *Bravo's*, or lusty Stallions, which serv'd to make Bully-locks to guard her Castle, being monstrous Giant-like Fellows, both in shape and condition; to these she gave charge of the Gate, the Draw-bridge, and Portcullis, not only for to let in her Customers, but to keep out her Enemies.

She

She provided her self also of but four wanton Wenches at first, till further Trade came in.

First was named *Beta Belstonia*, a huge great strommeling bouncing *Bona Roba*, or rouncival Lafs, one impudent above measure, and insolent beyond comparifon.

The next was called *Eliza Chance*; for by chance her Father found her Mother under a Hedge; by chance she was begotten betwixt them; by chance they run away from her, and left her to the care of the Parish; by chance she was found, bred up, or, if you will, *dragg'd up*; by chance, when she came to years of maturity, she turned Whore; and by chance this Baud *Hollandia* lit upon her, as she was a seeking her She-Cattel, to furnish out her *Black Castle*: she was young, little, a wonderful wanton Wag; had a white Skin, and a well-shap'd Body, only

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her

her Hair was Blood Royal, or a *Carret poyson Pate*, as we call it : But to hide that Defect or Deformity, as some will have it, though yet I cannot allow it to be any, she covered over her bloody Head with a white Perruke.

The third *Hollandia* scrap'd up, was named *Longa Maria* ; a Wench of a good handfom Carriage, not so rampant as the rest, nor so rude in behaviour ; but being seasoned with better education, she could boast of some good Parts in her, (if any such you will allow to be resident in a Whore) she had an indifferent good Voice, and could touch the Viol or Lute with a little Art and Skill.

The fourth and last of *Hollandia's* Misses of Pleasure, was *Maria Petit* ; properly enough so called, being a small handful of Woman, yet exceeding pleasant and witty ; she
was

was all motion and action ; nothing more nauseous to her than sleep and silence ; for when she was a brawling, scolding, or railing, then she was in her *Elizium* ; by her good will, she would be ever dancing and singing.

Besides these, our Baud had three Household-Officers ; a Cook maid, a Laundry-maid, and a Girl for a Scullion.

Being thus landed with this Luggage, she presently placed every one in their right Places and Stations, gave them their several Charges, read them the Laws and Ordinances of the House ; proclaiming a strict Penalty for the breach of any of her Statutes.

This done, she hangs forth her Flag for Custom ; proclaims her Preparations ; sets up Bills about the City, of the Rarities of her Black Enchanted Castle, and invites
all

all the World to a general Entertainment.

Did you ever see Eagles prey on the dead Carcasses, Crows feed upon Carrion, or hungry Dogs devour filthy Intrails? such Comparisons are but short of that abundance of Customers and Creatures of all Ranks and Qualities, of all Sexes and Conditions which came flocking to this Inchaned Castle, to be undone by her; only the empty Purse was expuls'd the House, and could get no entrance or admittance into her Confines; nay, a handfom reasonable Stock many times sunk and perished in the mid-way, and could not arrive to the end of his desired purpose, her Taxes and Customs were so many and mighty; for the *Porter Cerberus*, at the first Port or Entrance, had a double Impost, one for the Gate, another for the Draw bridge; the

the Household-Officers had Fees for the Hall, for the Dining-Room, and the Withdrawing-Chambers; the rest were proper and peculiar to Madam Baud her self, and those were *sans number*, or innumerable.

Thus every day came some tall Ships, some Frigats, some Fly-boats, richly and heavily laden with good Golden Cargo's; but at their return, they had not so much left them as Ballast, but came forth poor and empty; unless you will allow, that in exchange for their Gold, they got good Bubo's and Shankers; so true is that old Saying,

How hard is a Wench to be gotten,

That is not all over beitch'd?

She'll besure to make a Man rotten,

If on her his fancy be pitch'd.

All

All her Entertainments had a *Pr*
tean condition, full of variety and
 changes, and she would ever su
 them to the nature of him that wa
 entertained; if he were of wort
 and respect, then all hands alo
 running and posting, conging an
 cringing, Caps off, and humbl
 Knees, with the greatest bustle o
 Honour and Adulation imaginable
 But if otherwise, after they ha
 pick'd his Pockets of the Gelt
 out they turn him naked, his
 Cloaths being forfeited for the Fee
 of the House.

These Bees working for her Night
 and Day, she could not chuse but la
 up in her *Black Hive* a considerable
 stock of Hony; and true it is, in
 a very short time she had suffi
 ciently made Repairs in her Bags
 emptied so lately, by her cha
 geable Prisonment; her Chests were
 so full cramm'd, and so massy, that

she scarce knew how to stow them safely.

These Riches must needs produce Pride, (as our Almanacks have it) she now grows intolerably haughty and high-flown; she will not take it as she hath done; she will not live at so low a rate; but as she hath plenty of Means, so she will have plenty of Menial-servants and Attendants, like a *Black Castle Inchantress* indeed, quite forgetting her imagined Contrivances of Living lower, and making less Noise in the World, to which she imputed her late Disasters of being seized and imprisoned; for now she presumes she is in a far better place of strength and security than before, (and not without reason) she will now have all things fitting for her within her own Territories and Dominions, that she might not be at the trouble of seeking

seeking after them when she wanted.
Viz.

A Surgeon, who is to take care of her Spittle and pockified Patients, who suffered in the penitential Stool of *Sweating* and *Fluxing*.

A Tire-woman, to seek after, provide and devise new Fashions and fantastical Ornaments, her Paints, Patches, Washes, Essences, and the like Trumpery.

A Sempster, to make her Linnen, and a *Taylor* for Cloaths of all shapes and cuts, as well Men as Women; and all these hangers-on had their Livelihoods from Madam *Hollandia's* Coffers and Liberality.

But now to come to Relations of the strange Adventures which are daily plaid in this *Black Castle*, what should I tell you of?

Three or four Knight-Sharpers, City-Wits, Men of the Town, Bul-
 lies,

lies, or what will you call them? who being at the Theatre, beholding the Prizes, and so near unto *Hollandia's Black Castle*, would needs try their several Fortunes and Adventures; and to this end they compact between themselves, that they shall all try their luck, one after another, each man his Day; and though the first that tryed came off by the Lee, yet such was the agreement, that whatever disaster was met with, that should not discourage or deter the rest from trying also.

Well, the first Man that was to enter the Enchanted Castle, we will call *Fortunatus*; who accoutring himself in all his Harness, fitting for so great an Enterprize and Undertaking, he mounts his warlike Steed, and arrives before the Gate; first viewing the outward strength of the Castle, his Heart began to quail;

quail ; yet resolving to venture his chance, he read over the Gate this Inscription :

*Who e're thou art, arrives before this
Gate,
Bring Money with thee, or expect thy
Fate.*

Nothing daunted at that, he pulls the Bell, which made the Castle ring again. This alarumed the Imps, or She-Devils within ; who presently command *Cerberus* to unlock the Gate, to let this bold Adventurer in, which the Monster in that instant performing, put the poor Knight, *Fortunatus*, into a panick fear, at the looks of that Hang-dog, to see his grisly and four Countenance ; who, in a harsh and crabbed Tone, demanded his Fee, for dapping the Gate ; which being paid, the Knight proceeds into the Castle,

Castle, where the She-Inchantress *Hollandia* met him and welcomed him into her Island, assuring him of all the Pleasure and Content her Art could shew, provided he paid well for it; the Knight made shew of a kind Return to this Kindness; yet the latter part of the Complement something troubled him, knowing his chief Adventure was to enjoy all the Delights of the Inchantresses Island *without a Penny of Money*; but poor *Fortunatus* was much mistaken, to think to circumvent such an arch Witch as *Hollandia* was; for she presently div'd into his Thoughts, sounded his Depths, and finding him a meer Merchant-Adventurer, she caused one of her Whores to sing in his hearing, a Song of her own framing, the more to terrifie him for thus presuming to enter her Mansion, without his *Guardian Angels*, or flaming Circles.

Circles. The Wench set up her Lur-
ry, and sung amain,

*Pull out your Sword, and fight you
Dog,*

*Pull out your Purse and pay,
For I am the Woman-Hectress,
And I scorn for to lose the day.
How now, thou saucy Fellow,
Come here to me, without thy White
and Yellow?*

This Song brought a Qualm o-
ver poor *Fortunatus's* Heart; yet
resolving to make the best of a bad
Market, and set a good face upon
the business, he began to attack
them briskly, with calling for Wine,
which they brought as far as they
suppos'd the Cloaths of his Back
were worth; for as for Mony in his
Pockets, they clearly found he had
little or none: all things are well
enough; yet the Knight is shewed
about

ur. about the Castle, on the inside, with
 all its Ways, Dark Passages, Ave-
 nues, Labyrinths, and Fortifica-
 you tions; which were all admirable,
 and extoll'd by him to the Skies,
 secretly wishing himself out; but
 alas, the unfortunate *Fortunatus* had
 no *Ariadnes* Thrid to wind him, nor
 a pair of *Icarus* Wings, to take his
 flight from the Clutches of these
 Devils, which he saw hemm'd him
 in. Well, to make short, he was
 afraid of his Life, because of the
 Shot; for now the Reckoning call'd
 for, comes to be paid; and the
 Knight, feels in his empty Pockets,
 when, *as blank as a Bell founder*, he
 looks as if he were enchanted in-
 deed, pretending a hole in his Poc-
 kets, which had dropp'd out his
 Mony as he came along, deeply pro-
 testing he put in more than Twen-
 ty Dollars, when he came in and
 took his Journey towards her Castle;
 but

but alas, such a thred-bare old worm-eaten Sham will not take at all with an old experienced Baud or Enchantress, she knows better things than so; presently leaves the company of the Knight, and sends one of her Imps, or She-Devils, who rounds him in the ear, to *unrig, unrig*; blows a Horn for the rest of the Servants of the House, who attending instantly, they all together fall upon the poor Knight, one seizing his Hat, another his Perruke; a third, his Sword and Belt; a fourth, his Coat, Doublet and Breeches; and so, by degrees, take him in piece-meals, or Limb from Limb, till he is as naked as when he came into the World.

Thus plundered, the poor unfortunate *Fortunatus*, stark naked, was turn'd down to *Cerberus's* Gate; who was stark mad to see him have not so much as a rag on for him to

fleece

fleece him of, for his Fee of Turn-
 key. *Cerberus* to revenge himself
 on the poor Knight - Adventurer,
 takes him up in his Arms, and,
 with a souse, flings him into the
 Moat, and there almost made a
 drowned Rat of him; but as it
 happened, which was a good chance,
Fortunatus could swim, and being
 naked, it was so much the better
 for that; but however, *Cerberus*
 could not tell when he flung him
 in, whether he had that Art or
 no. yet he ventured to give him
 a Dowse, for all that, into the
 Ditch.

I shall leave *Fortunatus* a catch-
 ing of Fish, whilst I return to the
 Inchantress *Hollandia*, who under-
 standing from her Creatures, the
 fate of the poor Knight, command-
 ed all his Cloaths forthwith to be
 brought before her, which was
 done

done accordingly ; in the next place, inquisition to be made in his Pockets ; where, whatever was found, whether Watches or Silver Tobacco-boxes, or any such things, became lawful prize to the Guard of the Castle ; the rest of the Rags became Fees for the underling Officers, and some of them hung up, as Flags or Trophies in the great Hall of the Palace, as Terrors or Witnesses of the Loss or Mis-carriage of such a *Knight Adventurer* and bold undertaker.

This done, let us see after *Fortunatus* again, who is found by the rest of his Companions, or Knight-Adventurers, a floating in the Ditch of the *Black Castle* ; a very sorrowful Spectacle to the rest of the Knights, who were by compact to venture their Carcasses likewise in such a dangerous Enterprize. Well,
plucking

nificence, nothing for Delight, nothing for Beauty, nothing for Necessity; however, the Bones that lodg'd in't were rotten and putrified, yet the Monument it self was wondrous gaudy and handfom. There was nothing now for her to search for, but *living Furniture*, and that she divided into three stations. The first, a couple of stout rough-hewn Fellows for her *Cerberusses*, to guard her, and a Pimp, Pander, or Procurer; and what better man, or fitter for the purpose, than her beloved *Infamous*? with lusty strong-back'd Quears to supply Offices; and lastly, painted, coloured, half-guilt Monkeys or Mimicks, for *Ladies of Pleasure*, to give Entertainment to the Lechers, her Customers.

The first sort of these she saved from the Gallows; the Queans she hired from other petty Baudy-houses; and the finer Jades she had bought up for her by wholesale from

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the Country ; to which purpose *Infamus* descends, armed with a Commission, and Money in his Pocket, to inveagle and intice young, raw, Country Girls, and invite them with gilded shews of Honour, Pleasure, and Profit, into the Devil's Academy, *viz.* *Hollandia's* Colledge, where they should be stewed in the fire of Lust and Uncleanneſs, till they became fit for the Devil's own tooth and eating— Oh how cunningly did he caſt his Baits—

‘ Come, come, Sweetheart, thou lo-
 ‘ ſeſt thy time, thus to lye idle in the
 ‘ Country, when Honour waits for
 ‘ all handſom Lasses in the City. Is
 ‘ there no difference to be kiſs'd and
 ‘ ſlopp'd by the foul Lips of a ſtink-
 ‘ ing Swain, and to be caressed and
 ‘ imbraced in the perfumed Arms
 ‘ of a courtly Gallant ; to ride in a
 ‘ Caroch up and down to Spring-
 ‘ Gardens, Taverns, Masks, and
 ‘ Balls ; to keep company with La-
 ‘ dies,

'dies, and have Footboys to attend
 'you? And then for Mony, a thing
 'you will never lack; have your
 'Pockets full, to buy what fine
 'things your Fancy; Present
 'upon your self; Gold
 'Watches, Rings, Pearls, Diamonds,
 'Necklaces. And what say you to
 'this Life? is not this to be prefer-
 'red before following the Milk-pail
 'in Dirt and Mire?

There needed not much search, sin
 is found in every corner, and these
 Creatures, like Watermen plying a
 rich Fare, will thrust themselves into
 the Devil's arms beyond redemption.

There was not a Carrier that
 brought up a *crack'd Groat* to Town,
 but *Hollandia* would buy it present-
 ly, new mould and mint it, and send
 it forth currently again; any young
 or tender *Pullet* brought up, but she
 would buy it for her own Diet. She
 had Charms to intice the Sim-
 ple; Money to bewitch the Needy;
 E 2 costly,

costly, gaudy Cloaths to adorn the Proud; Idleness and Ease for those that profess'd themselves kin to *Lawrence*; Pleasure for Luxurious Wantons; and indeed any thing, or all things, to keep her Common-wealth from falling.

Being thus accommodated, and her Mart proclaimed, there was no doubt of Customers; every Man hath a Handsel for a New Market, and a Penny for a New Tavern, and every Lecher hath a Dollar for a Renowned Baudy-house. And which of them, in any part of the World, could boast of more fame than *Hollandia's*? Others were but Hovels, or Houses at most; but hers is a Castle, where sin and sinners might hope for security (if the thing were not an impossibility). Well then her Visitants and Customers came flocking so fast for entertainment, that her Kitchen was like *Aetna*, ever flaming in dressing for her Cattel; her Hall

like

like *Augens Stable*, ever stinking with broken Meat and Marrow-bones ; her Dining-room like *Babel*, a mixture of confused Tongues and Noises ; and her inward and private Lodgings like *Hell* it self , where wicked Creatures lay bathing themselves in Lust, as the damned Souls do in Flame and Sulphur. Thus she continued her Riot for a long season, boasting her self in the strength of her wicked Castle, and not grieving for any thing more, than that she could be no more wicked.

But there are Judgments reserved above , and Shame and Disgraces preserved below ; and when either the one or the other fall, Woe to the Wicked ! Judgment may forbear, and Justice, with hood-wink'd Eyes, seem to sleep, but neither will pardon ; *Sed desertur non aufertur*, it is only to raise the Arm higher, that the thundring stroke may fall with the greater fury.

And so it happened with this *Baud*
Hollandia ; for the Noise and Cla-
 mors of her Crimes having waken-
 ed Authority, which joyning with
 Piety , both send forth their Offi-
 cers, to apprehend her. At first she
 plays the Rebel, and withstands
 their Summons ; but finding her self
 at last environed on all sides, and
 that neither Sea nor Land afforded
 her safety ; (for they besieged her
 black Castle all round with Halber-
 diers , Muskets, Clubs and Staves ;
 so that no Escape being to be had,
 however unwilling, yet with a seem-
 ing willingness) she yielded up her
 self, her Retinue, Castle and all, into
 the hands of her besiegers, and to
 their mercy. From whence they
 were all brought to the Bar of Ju-
 stice, where her Captain *Cerberus*
ses were perpetually condemned to
 labour at the Beetle, that is, Pound
 Hemp ; the rest of her Cattel like-
 wise condemned to the like penance.

in the House of Correction; only Madam Baud her self, the baneful Source, Fountain and chief Author of the black Deeds in the *Black Castle*, she was sent to a loathsome Dungeon, appointed a Receptacle or Prison for capital Offenders, there to remain till her Cause came to Hearing, and due Punishments awarded.

All this as it was decreed, so it was accordingly performed, and each poor *Limb of Satan* went to their several places of sadness; but *Holladia*, who although she run a superrative Degree of Wickedness, yet did she not want Friends which daily visited her; for there is a correspondency amongst the worst people in the World, and the wicked, or *Birds of a Feather*, are always said to *hold together*; she had Counselors, with their Quirks, to avoid Laws and Statutes; Quillets, to defraud Judgments; and Demurs, to

protract, delay, and put off the days of Tryal; she wanted not them that pleaded for her out of compassion; her Advocates to blanch and whiten her Offences, paint them over with the Ceruse of a fair Complexion; she had Tears continually in her Bottle; Weep at will; commanded more Crocodiles than *Nilus*; and then for Bribes, her Coffers were full, having had leisure, during the Siege, to dispose her Treasure so as might be for her benefit, succour, and support, when she stood most in need of it, as now indeed was the time; if ever Gold intended to shew himself friendly, it could not find a fitter opportunity.

But all these, and a world of other Auxiliaries being bound up together in a bundle, and put in the Scale, against her weighty Evils, Crimes, and Mischiefs, became so light and unvaluable, that none but Disgrace and Despair would arise from them

as comforters to her, and those are
very cold ones.

Finding her self thus hard beset,
she now begins to call unto her aid
and assistance, the strength of a *Wo-*
mans Wit, which is always best and
most admirable in Pinches and Di-
stresses, and concludes in her self,
that as the Serpent deceived the
first Woman with his flattery, so he
might (for ought she knew, to make
her amends) lend her a little relief,
with his Craft, Cunning and Subtil-
ty; and, to say the truth, her Case
was so foul, her Cause so already
condemned, before heard judicially,
that she had no hope left, but in
Artifice, Device, and Stratagem;
which is the course she now only
bends her thoughts and study to;
breaking of Prison was a thing for
her (being a Woman) not feasible;
getting out in Mens Cloaths, she
look'd upon as running a dangerous
ilique, wherein, if she were unfor-

unately taken, it would add to, and heighten her Misdemeanors. At last she hit upon the Device in her fancy, which seemed to her the most plausible, and like to take; which she effected in the manner following.

About a day or two before her Tryal, (which having been delayed extraordinarily, could be put off no longer) there came to visit her a Gentleman of very grave, stately, and portly Carriage, like some Burgefs or other, one that had in his Looks and Behaviour both Reverence and Authority; coming to the Prison, and she being called down to him, he salutes her by the Name of *Cousin*, and she with a low Humility and a River of Tears running down those ever-deceitful Cheeks, blushing that she could blush no faster, returns his Salutations, with, *Dear Uncle, I am utterly ashamed to behold you, in this my most forlorn and miserable condition; and therewithal,*
with

with her hand, hides her treacherous
 Eyes, which otherwise would have
 discovered the fraud to the Keeper's
 face, who was present at the inter-
 view betwixt *Hollandia* and her
 Uncle ; she casts down her Coun-
 tenance, as ashamed to look upon
 him ; he gives her some hope, but
 intermixt with such severe and bit-
 ter counsel , that the standers-by
 might perceive he came neither to
 flatter, nor deject her. ' Cousin,
 ' saith the worthy Uncle, I am hear-
 ' tily sorry to see you in this sad and
 ' woful Place, Case and Condition ;
 ' yet I would not have you discon-
 ' solate, nor cast down in your mind,
 ' since I am disposed to do what lies
 ' in my power to help you : But tru-
 ' ly, what I do, wholly proceeds
 ' from my own good inclinations,
 ' and not any desert in you, who
 ' have shewed your self far unwor-
 ' thy of any Friend to look after you,
 ' by your disgraceful Actions. But I
 ' shall

' shall not heap up more loads of
 ' trouble on your distressed, and (as
 ' I hope) penitent mind for what is
 ' pass'd, by more repetitions and re-
 ' flections, but rather apply what
 ' consolatory counsel I can to help
 ' you in this great time of need.

' Sir, replied *Hollandia*, I give you
 ' hearty thanks for your good Coun-
 ' sel and Advice, and I hope I
 ' shall endeavor after Grace to fol-
 ' low it; I must needs confess my
 ' self guilty of many evil and foolish
 ' Actions, which tended as well to
 ' my own as my Kindreds disho-
 ' nour, and which justly lay me
 ' under, not only your severest Re-
 ' proof and Reproach for them, but
 ' also might cast me into a total de-
 ' spair of any help from my Friends,
 ' since I have abused their favour;
 ' yet I cannot but magnifie the great-
 ' ness of your Love, that you still give
 ' me leave to hope.

These

These Complements finished, they fell to private Discourses, relating seemingly of things concerning her Relations and Friends, and what her Uncle designed to negotiate amongst them in her behalf, and get them to stand up for her this one time, assuring her, if ever she became guilty of the like Misdemeanours and Errors, neither he nor them, nor any others, should stir for her.

This ended according to the custom in Prisons used, when Friends came to visit Prisoners; he calls for Beer, Ale, Wine, and Tobacco, and other things, in kindness and treatment of his dear Niece; he spares no Cost; his Gold flies; the Gaoler, or Keeper, carouses bravely; his Servants supply things wanting; so that they were all very busie at the Banquet, none needing Employment, either to fetch or carry.

After

After all this Hurly-burly was ended, the Feast over, and the good old Gentleman, *Hollandia's* Uncle, preparing for his departure, he, in the first place, bestowed upon the Keeper, a Ring of some value; upon his Servants, pieces of Gold; and on the poorer sort of Prisoners, a bountiful Largess, or Benevolence.

Descending down the Stairs, he offers to take leave of his Cousin; but she will attend him out of civility, as far as the Limits of the Prison will allow her; and so she brings him down to the lowest Hall; and then offering to leave him, the Uncle tells the Keeper how sorry he was to depart with dry Lips; and calling to mind a Tavern, that stood at next door, he wooes the Keeper there, by all means, to take another Bottel.

The Keeper is willing to attend him; And why, quoth the old Gentle-

Gentleman, may not my Cousin take share with us ; for my own part, I know not her Trespafs, therefore I will not urge you to any favour, that is unlawful for me to ask, or you to grant ? Sir, quoth the Keeper, her Offence is neither Treason nor Felony ; she is neither liable to Bond or Execution, and therefore my self will be her Guardian, and she shall wait upon you ; and so together they go all three to the Tavern. The *Uncle* calls for Bottle upon Bottle ; the *Cousin* fills Bowl upon Bowl, and the Keeper drinks them off, as if his Thirst were unquenchable.

In the midst of these Quaffings and Carousings, the Keeper and the Uncle fall into a Discourse of such seriousness, that they neglected all things, but bibbing at the Glass. *Hollandia*, taking advantage of this oblivion or forgetfulness of her Guardian the Keeper, rises from the Table,

Table, as if it were some motion of necessity, as the use of the Looking-glass, or the like, and steals out of doors; and knowing, that at the very entrance of the back-door stood a Monastery of Gray-Friers, and looking behind her, and seeing no pursuit, her *Argus*-eyed Keeper being more and more enchanted with Mercury, like light *Salmacis*, having her Heels at liberty, away she runs, leaving her Uncle to shift for himself as well as he could, not caring a straw if he were laid up in Lavender in her stead: She finds the door of the *Popish College* or *Monastery* open; in she enters for safety: To the first Brother she meets, she falls upon her Knees, and having taught her Eyes, by often use, to weep at her own will, she delivers him so pitiful a story of her Misfortune, that had he been colder than his Profession, yet would it have moved in him a flame of compassion

passion and pity towards her ; he takes her up , and being , as all his Order are , faithful and helpful to Womens Afflictions , he promises her all the relief , all the safety their Cells could afford ; which done , he conveys and conducts her through all the dark Corners and intricate Passages of their Cloysters ; whether he shewed her his own Cell or no , it is uncertain ; but 'tis an apparent truth , that he never left her till he had placed her in that safety which her self desired.

By this time , her Uncle and her Keeper having pretty well wetted their Whistles , and being much of a scantling , for the matter of Wit or Sense that the Wine had left in them , that is , they faltred a little , their Tongues tript , and , as we say in our Country , *Clapt the King's English* , and having tired themselves with their *Tres Humbles* , and other needless Complements , began to
give

give their Tongues a little ease, that their Eyes might with more liberty look about them.

The Uncle perceiving that his designed Work was effected, *the Bird was flown*; thought in the next place, which way he might escape himself; to which purpose, feigns occasion of a very hasty and speedy departure; some business of dispatch just then came into his head, which he had forgot, till this very minute.

The Keeper, supposing his Prisoner had been with the Mistress of the House or Tavern where they were, in civility for the good Wine he had supplied his Guts with, conducteth the Uncle to the door of the Tavern, and there shakes hands, till their next meeting, with all the endearments that can be imagined between an old *Bubble* and a *Bernard*, or rather *Balbinus*; away marches the old Uncle, with all the swift-

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swiftness and celerity his Heels
could carry him, fearing a pur-
suit.

He being gone, the Keeper retires
into the Tavern, calls for the Mi-
stris of the House, and for his
Charge and Prisoner, *Hollandia*.
The Tavern-woman denied her: he
finds her utterly missing: search is
made about House, but to little or
no purpose.

It is but vain to trouble my self
or you with the Keeper's Amaze-
ment, his Exclamations, Outcrys,
Fury, and Fretting; Cursing her,
her Uncle and all, to the very Pit
of *Pluto*: Let it suffice she is gone;
her Escape is known; the Mona-
stery stands upon Priviledge; and
had the Keeper all the Charms of
Medea or *Circes*, they were all too
weak to open one Lock or Bolt in
those Religious Places.

Hollandia

Hollandia being thus escaped, and, by the help of her Confessor, brought to the place of safety; she there lies hid, like the *Minotaure* in the *Labyrinth*; yet however her Body lay concealed, her Mind was full of action; for now she sets all her Moles and Emmets and labouring acquaintance on work, to sue, if not for a Pardon, yet at least for some fair Composition; and knowing, by experience, there was no way so safe or speedy, as Bribes; therefore she resolves to spare no Cost, in hopes, when she has obtained her liberty, she might have another pull at Fortune's Wheel, and set up her beloved *Black Castle* again, or at least something like it, in another place.

To this end, those that did negotiate her business, were supplied with Gold so fast, as if she made it with a touch, like *Vertuoso Philosophers*. Alas, who would not be the golden

den Sollicitor and Advocate of such
a golden Cause, and such a golden
Lady as *Hollandia* was ?

In the end her Project proved prosperous, and upon strong security given for her good Behaviour, and a new Life for the time to come, with a true Repentance for Crimes past, her peace was made ; but yet at so dear Conditions, that looking into that great Wealth, of which, but a little before, she stood possess'd, she now found herself, scarce able to subsist, or to bestow one good Meal upon her Belly !,

There was not a Curse, an Affliction, a Plague, or what else is more bitter, that ever was foretold or predestinate to a luxurious or rapacious Whore, but she had her share thereof in a down-pressed and overflowing measure ; she saw her Kindred loath her, her Friends forsake her, her Companions mock her,
her

her Slaves command her, and, which is an Hell above all others, none but her Enemies to pity her.

These Afflictions every one thought to be Adamants ; powerful enough to draw her Soul to heavenly Meditations. But he that looks for *Grapes of Thorns*, or *Figs of Thistles*, is much mistaken, for the Effect proved quite contrary ; for she ever carried the Devil's Balm in her Bosom, and could anoint over every trip or disaster of Fortune, with, *What will be, shall be* ; or this old Adage, *What we can't cure, we must endure* ; *Past cure, past care*, say I.

*As good be merry, as sad,
I shall have a living, good or
bad.*

And whether it was Envy, or Fury, or both, she became so desperate, that she did not care if
she

she trusted her self in *on a*
Hardle.

After some small time thus spent in a languishment, she could find no Mark to aim at, but the old one, (being the White she could most easily hit) wherefore she labours with all her Spirits, all her Imaginations, puts her Friends, Flatterers and Companions to the proof of what they would do; leaves no way or means unassayed, how she might advance and set up again her old Occupation; she now hath new modelled her Government; fram'd to her self new Laws of more severe Conditions, not so open as before; she will have Taxes and Customs paid her of a higher and more profitable nature; admit of no Twelve-penny Penniworths or Customers; sell no more Lumps, a *Two-penny Whore for a Penny*; Riot shall be clothed in the shape of Frugality; her Wine drunk in less Glasses; her

her Musick not so loud or shrill, to make such a Noise, as was wont to be; her Beagles or Pimps, and her Wenches and Bitches all fair and handsom, yet but few in number; and when she wants any, fetch them from other places, for the greater secrecy of her Affairs; her ordinary Servants comely and industrious; and at a pinch, she will have Disguises, to make them appear *half Angels*. In short, her old Common-wealth shall be metamorphos'd and transmogrified, and this new one, hatch'd in the Embrio of her Fancy, made so strong, and paramount, that it should remain to all the Whores, Bauds, Brothel-houses, and Stews, upon Earth, an everlasting Pattern and Precedent.

Upon these Resolutions; she thought her Work was half finished, till looking better into her design, she found the Basis and Ground-

work

plucking up good hearts, they make a shift to drag *Fortunatus* out of the Mote; get some Cloaths to cover him, and after his senses were pretty well come to him again, they began to Inquire of him and Examine the Case of his Adventures in the *Black Castle*.

The first words opened his Jaws, was *Devils, Devils, Devils*, (to the great Astonishment of the rest) and then proceeded to the sad Relation of his misfortune and miscarriage in the Adventure.

This were enough to have made them break the Articles betwixt, them; but that Clause being inserted of *not to be daunted with the greatest ill Success*; and besides every one thought himself a better Politician than to be served the same sawce with *Fortunatus*, believing his Stars had reserved him for better Fortune. The next then that was to try the

Atchievment of the *Black Castle*, was *Don Carlo*, who was not (nor any of the others) to carry above one Dollar in his pocket, and if he Dissolved the Charms, enjoyed the Pleasures of the House, and came off **Cleverly**, **Scotfree**, and with Honour, the rest were to pay that Valiant, and Renowned Knight, Six Dollars a man. Well, *Don Carlo* being also in all points Furnished for the Attempt, he Arrives also before the Castle; where he pays his Fee to *Cerberus*, as the other did, and boldly ventures into the secrets of the Castle; the old Inchantress met him as she did the other, makes him free of her Castle, and shews him all the Rarities and Wonders reposed within it; The Knight in recompence of this kindness calls freely; Wine is fil'd out, and Fair Ladies brought him, some one Guinea, some two Guineas Price; for to tell you the truth, this
 Knight

Knight carried it so slyly, that the In-
 chantress with all her Artifices and
 Cunning, could not Sound whether
 he was full of Mony or no; yet be-
 lieving by his Garb and Habiliments
 he might be Flush, she resolved he
 should have a little more of her
 Faith than the other had, and so
 trusted him so much, as the Wine
 came to ten times the Money the
 Poor Knight had about him, besides
 the Misses and other attendance, and
 Fees of the House; this made *Don*
Carlo Scratch where it did not Itch,
 this put many a Magget into his
 Head, which way he might Extricate
 himself out of this fearful *Premunire*
 he had brought upon himself; the
 many Doors and Drawbridges all
 Watched, and Warded, dashed the
 hopes of slinking out unseen, or
 Stealing away, and the miserable un-
 fortunate accident that befell *Fortu-*
natus, was still before his Eyes; and

therefore in the midst of his Mirth, he had in his inward thoughts much cause of Sadness; At length he chanced to spy some Gold Rings lie in the Window of the Bauds Chamber, the Trophies and Spoils of other Knight Adventurers; and which the Baud had layd there for some few Minutes, whilst she Washed or Scoured her Filthy Fingers; the Knight makes no more ado but Nibbles at one of them, and did it very Cleverly too, undiscovered altogether by any of the Imps, which must be granted as a thing next to a Miracle; but you must note, he is now in a Miraculous place, and what can you expect less from him? To make short the Score came to be wiped off, the Acocunt called for. *Item, for Faggots, Servants, Attendance, Fouling of Linnen, &c.*

Item, for this, that and tother; till it far surmounting the Purse of
our

our Knight, he draws what *Deniers* he had in Mony, and with a great Ceremony of a Complement, Confessing his memory so short, he had utterly forgot this Morning to change his Breaches, having on his Riding Breaches; wherein was but small matter of Mony.

Hollandia all the while, hearkning to the Harangue till he came to the Period of his Speech, and the very Conclusion, of making mention of small matter of Mony, raysed such Hurricanes in the Bauds Breast, that Whistling for her *Mirmidons* who presently attended, she commanded them to unharness the Knight; but he knowing the Fate of *Fortunatus*, by way of prevention, desires to speake with the Lady Inchantress her self, which being permitted, the Executioners attending, delayed till the shee Inchantress were made acquainted with the Knights secret de-

fires; being Reprieved in hopes of Confession, either that the Gold was run down into the knees of his Breeches, or sowed up in the Collar of his Doublet, or some such like cleanly conveyance; but the Knight with great Fervency, presented her with her own Gold Ring, and told her extreme Civilly, he doubted not but the Diamond contain'd in it, would make her more than an ample satisfaction of the shot Incur'd; and in case it did not, or should fall short in Value, he would lie there in Pawn till he sent for another, or some Dollars in the Roome of it; *Hollandia* takes the Ring, *twires this way and t'other upon it, knows it perfectly presently to be her own Ring; as well by the Diamond Stone, on the out-side, as more certainly and Indisputably by the Posie Ingraven on the inside thereof, and which the poor Knight was

was not wary of; The Pofy run thus.

This Ring is thine, thy Body's mine.

Perhaps the Devils espoufal Ring, which he gave her when they entered into the first Contract: Oh now she began to fet up her Throat again; *Oh thou Pilfering Hang-Dog, what, Steal my Ring, and offer it to pay the Reckoning? seize him, Limb him as they do Cocks on Shrove-Tuesday, use him with all the utmost severity you possibly can devise or inflict on; the worst Villain that ever entred my doors before.*

This they do to some purpose, handle him without Mercy; after they had pluckt all his Cloths of, they drag'd him by the Hair of the Head towards Cerberus's Port; where he, and the rest of the Servants together got Ropes, and tied some round his Arm-pits, and middle of his Waist

to keep him from Choking, and some about his Neck, and so in that posture they let him slip down into the House of Office or Jakes up to the very Chin; after they had thus dipped him as *the Tallow-Chandlers dip Candles*, three or four times till he had a Crust on him about an Inch thick, then they threw him for Cleansing into the Ditch or Moat, that Invironed the Castle; and there left him as they did *Fortunatus*, to shift for himself in the Mud amongst the Eels.

He also could Swim as well as *Fortunatus*, which he did, and as well as he could, washt and scour'd off the Filth from off him; *Fortunatus* as soon as ever he saw the Duck *a Swimming*, burst out into a mighty Laughter; what says he, you have sipt of the same Sawce as I did; and thought *Don Carlo's* far worse too, if you knew all; but he concealed
the

the Dipping, lest he should frighten the other *Knight Venturer Georgino*; who was next to take his turn at the *Black Castle*, that so nothing doubting but *Georgino's* Success would be like his own and *Fortunatus's*, they might neither of them laugh at one another, or rather all of them laugh at one another; since *one was as deep in the dirt, as tother was in the mire*; our miserable Adventures are over, quoth *Don Carlo*, and *Fortunatus*.

And mine is to come, Repli'd *Georgino*, yet I make no doubt to Acquit my self, so that I shall have cause to Laugh at both of you, for no more Craftily, and Politickly, managing your matters; Alas Gentlemen, I am a perfect Politician, a Serpent in my Infancy, twind about the Cradle, and hiss'd subtile Crotchets into my Brain.

Yes, yes, Answered *Don Carlo*,

I make no doubt but to see you and your subtilty a Swimming here in this Moat, as we have done before you--

He warrant you, said *Georgino*, to make both of you amends in your disastrous Luck of losing your Cloaths, provided you will stand my Assistants without, whilst I ply my Policies within; which having both firmly agreed to do, *Georgino* prepared for his attempt, takes his Dollar in his Pocket and no more, as the rest had no more in theirs according to agreement, comes to the *Black Castle*, hath admittance, as the former had, and as far as his Dollar went, call'd for; drank a Glass and departed presently, assuring *Madam Hollandia*, if she pleased to come or send a Messenger with him to the Burse or Exchange, he would bestow a Stately Chest of Drawers upon her, towards the Furniture of
her

her Castle ; the Chest of Drawers being in his Dispose, and he thought he could not dispose it better than to such an obliging Lady; with all that, and abundance of such like Complements ; but being at present in some haste, he would come the next day and see how well his Chest of Drawers became the place it was set in, and drink a Glass or two of Wine, and Recreate himself with her ; In the Interim *Basos Les Manos*, I kiss your Ladiships hands.

Hollandia amazed to hear of such a rich Present as a Chest of Drawers, which she made no doubt was Richly Gilded, and set forth, as indeed it was, costing him five Pounds, but he resolved to make himself amends for it another way, she offered him all the Respect and Accomodations of her Castle ; but he refused for the present, and deferred it till the next day.

Away

Away goes the Knight, *Hollandia* promising to send for the Chest of Drawers, at the place he appointed her, which she did accordingly, you need not doubt it in the least ; and besides the Chest of Drawers, he ordered a large Trunk very heavy in the sight of the Messenger, to be fill'd with little small fine Knick-knacks ; as it were a Present for *Hollandia*, and Commanded the Porter to Carry that away with the Chest of Drawers, and Pack it up ready against he came back, so desiring the Messenger to come again towards Night, and all things should be ready for the conducting them to the Castle.

In the mean space he repairs to his Companions ; who both wondering at his speedy coming, challenged him for not performing the agreement, and that he had not in that short time taken a taste of the Pleasures

Pleasures of the Castle, as they had done, though they must confess they had but Sower Sauce, to their Sweet Meat.

He fully satisfies them he had not yet performed his Business, but he would do it effectually, having prepared the way already; but he told them they must hold Correspondence with him, and when he sent to them, which they might expect about three days after he had been in.

This done the Knight *Georgino*, gets a Porter that he had made privy to the business, and promising him some snip in the Prizes he intended to make, conveys himself into the great Trunk with Provision for a day or two; orders the Lock so that he could easily open it on the inside; but so strong and difficult on the outside, that the trouble of it, as he had foreseen it, might hinder

hinder them from opening of it presently, as indeed that Policy took Effect.

Hollandia's Messenger comes, the Porter takes up his Trunk, and the Chest of Drawers a top, which was but light in comparison of t'other, carries them down to the Water-side, has them towed over to the *Black Castle*, where *Hollandia* received them with a joyful welcom, asking what was in the Trunk? Oh says the Messenger, that heavy Trunk I saw fill'd with abundance of fine things for your own use; so calling for Candles she desired to open it presently to see what they were; having discharged the Porter and payed him his hire she takes the key from the Messenger, and assays to open the Trunk; but all in vain, the key would no more open it, than it would the door of her *Black Castle*; she sends for *Cerberus* to knock

knock it open, who employs his Battoon, but the strength of the Trunk resisted him too, though every stroke he gave went to the heart of the poor Knight *Georgino* within; at last seeing the Trunk would be broke in pieces in opening, unless a Smith, or Artist, had the doing of it, she ordered *Cerberus* to desist, and remitted the opening of it till the next day; this was what the Cloystred Knight would have, who was ready to besh--- his Breeches for fear, all the time *Cerberus* was knocking.

Hollandia exceedingly taken with her Chest of Drawers, places them in a Commodious Room or place of her Mansion, expecting the coming of her Gallant next day, when she purposed in his presence, to cause the Trunk to be opened, thinking he might shew them a way to open it, being the Master of it; she was not much mistaken in her measures, for
Georgino,

Georgino, who was in it, about one a Clock in the Morning, all being fast and *Somnus* had them by the Nose a Snoring; especially *Cerberus*, who made the Castle resound again with his Snoring Nostrils, *Georgino* gets him out of his Trunk, and as if he were not afraid to be by himself in the Devils Dungeon at that dead time; he unbolts the door, as softly as possible he creeps down Stairs, and being Moon-light he might easily discern all the Corners about the House, and chose himself out one the most secret about the Castle, there he lay perdu; but thinking no better time could be found, than the present opportunity, he gets him up again into the Chambers, finds all the Whores a Snoring; feels in their Pockets for the Guineas, which he was not disappointed of, having both Guineas, and Watches in their Pockets; he makes Cabbage of all, with two Silver Tankards, a Goblet

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a Goblet all gilt, and several Silver
 aft Spoons; so that what with one thing
 a or another, he made up the value
 ho of 100*l.* or more; he carries his
 his booty into his hole where he lay
 im concealed; and the next day a fear-
 ere ful Out-cry was made, one was
 he robb'd, and the other was robb'd;
 e; the Whores they go to't Tooth and
 i- Nail, fighting and scratching, tear-
 g ing their Head-clothes off one ano-
 rn thers Heads, one charging another
 d with the Robbery, and little mis-
 et trusting the *Devil in the Trunk*.

Hollandia had much ado to still
 this uproar, at last she did appease
 'em, and then they all recounted their
 losses, wondring how it should hap-
 pen. Hollandia was resolved to deal
 with the Devil indeed, but she would
 find out the Thief, or Thieves of this
 great Robbery.

In the mean time, no Gentleman
 comes, Hollandia is impatient to see
 the

the Trunk opened, hoping to find some thing to make her amends for the Losses; a Smith is sent for, who does the business effectually; the Trunk is opened, nothing in it but a few baubling Knick-knacks, not worth half a Dollar; she is perplex'd at the sight of them, vexes for her Loss, foams, frets, fumes, storms, stamps and stares; all will not do.

At night the Knight-Adventurer *Georgino* gets out of his covert place, goes round the Castle to find some friendly Avenue to let him out, but can find none; and he was mighty loth to swim through the Moat, lest he lose himself, or his Treasure, or both: At length, having contriv'd the following Device, he put it in practice, which was, he got a Letter writ as from himself, seal'd, and every thing requisite, which he laid in such manner within the Gate, that it seem'd to be thrust underneath or through

through the Chinks. In the morning the Letter was found by Cerberus, who brought it up to his Mistress; she opened it, wherein were these Contents following;

To the Fair *Hollandia*.

Madam,

I Am extremely sorry I was disappointed of performing my Promise to come to your Mansion yesterday; but this Night I hope I shall be as good as my word to the Lady of my chiefest care and desires; and that I may not come empty handed, I would have you send that great Trunk to me over the water, having first taken out the things I sent in it, and I hope I shall fill it the second time with something of more value.

Direct it for your humble Servant,

GEORGINO,

At the Sign of the *White Hart*, &c.

But

But before the Letter was found, *Georgino*, having in the night-time stole up into the Room where the Trunk stood, and seeing all things taken out of it, he conveys all his Treasure which he had stole, and himself into the Trunk, shuts himself in by the Spring Lock on the inside, expecting next day to be carried out according to his devised Note; which happened as he had plotted it; for *Hollandia* hoping for some more rich Gifts and Presents, immediately caused the Trunk to be bound up in Cords, without minding what was in it; knowing she had emptied it before; only *Cerberus*, that took it up to carry it down to the Port, cried out, 'Tis woundy heavy, *Madam*; and chancing to let it slip at the top of the Stairs, which were very broad, down tumbled the Trunk with the poor Knight in it, from top to bottom, rattle, rattle, rattle,

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rattle, and enough to make the Knights Bones rattle in his skin too, to have such a fatal Fall ; which Bruise in the Trunken Chariot, forced a terrible *Oh* from him, though he tried to stifle it with all the skill he could.

Cerberus, who felt it so heavy before, and now hearing a loud voice, concluded it to be the Devil in the Trunk, and he roar'd out as loud as the bruised Knight ; so that between *Cerberus* & the Knight, & the Trunks falling down, such a hideous noise was heard, as alarm'd *Hollandia*, with the rest of her Whores, who came to the Bustle presently ; there was poor *Cerberus* a running away from the Trunk as fast as he could ; at last calling more assistance, and opening the Trunk, they discover poor *Pilgarlick*, half dead already with the fall of the Trunk, the unfortunate-politick-intriguing Knight *Georgino*, with all his Theevish Spoils which he

he had taken and pilfer'd from the Whores in the Castle; seeing of which, they all prepar'd and whetted their Nails to scratch out his eyes; but seeing him almost dead with the Fall, they reprieved Execution of him for a little while, till he was recovered, and more able to bear their Fury.

Never did poor Knight submit to the Tortures of the Surgeons Instrument with a sadder heart, being assured he liv'd only that he might more dreadfully die.

Now *Hollandia*, with the rest of her Imps and Whores, rejoyce over their Enemy, a general Jubile is kept, nothing but Joy to be seen in every countenance. *Oh Rogue*, cries one, *was this your Chest of Drawers? Was this your rich Present? And see how near the Villain was to escape, with impunity too? for had not Cer-*

berus

berus had this Mischance, we had all
lost this rich Treasure.

In process of time *Georgino* grew
better, and then Consults were held
how they should dispose of him:
Some were for hanging him out-
right, and burying him in the Moat;
others for other ways.

At last, Madam Bawd *Hollandia*
her self, the Umpire of all the rest,
Ordered and Decreed, That since
the Goods, Monies, and Treasures
every one had restor'd to them a-
gain, and no Loss was sustained,
she resolved there should no Harm
be done to his Life, which she
thought might render her Castle
more obnoxious to the Fury and Ha-
tred of the Country, which was
so enough already; nothing doubt-
ing but upon the least distast or dis-
gust either *Whore* or *Rogue* receiv-
ed, a Discovery would ensue.

But

But as for his Punishment, she delivered him into their Hands to use him, pump him, punish him, how and in what manner they pleased.

Having receiv'd Commission, he became their daily Sport, sometimes to blindfold him, and with good big Crab-sticks lay at him, whilst he was to run after them to catch them; sometimes run great long Pins into his Buttocks, or strip him stark naked and throw small Paper-Darts at him that had Pins in the Heads of 'em; sometimes dip him in the house of Office; and lastly toss'd him in a Blanket till they left him for half dead, and then thrust him out at the Portal of the Castle, where his Companions *Don Carlos* and *Fortunatus* found the poor Knight in a most deplorable Condition, Till they had refreshed him with Cordials, they could not find in their Hearts to laugh at him; but at last, being

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come to himself, he recounted his Adventures to them, who certainly concluded it was some Enchanted Castle indeed, otherwise such a Contrivance as *Georgino's* had never miscarried.

They agreed therefore between themselves to go and inform against the *Black Castle*, with all the Arguments of its Vileness and daily Mischiefs which they could devise.

And now *Hollandia's* Sun-shine began to wind up in Clouds; for the Informations of these Knight-Adventurers meeting with an Outcry made by a Crue of Queans, which *Hollandia* had cast off; and these, with the Accusations of those whom she had plundered and robbed, and the detestable Enormities which spring from such wicked Examples, come all with one Voice before the face of Justice, to have redress and satisfaction. The Complaint is received and pitied, and wondred at

too, that such an Enormous Black Castle should be so long under their Noses with impunity ; and presently Officers are sent out for her apprehension, and the razing down her Castle.

A Corporal is chose, accompanied with a stout band of Halbardeers and Bill-men sent to Beleaguer this strong and famous Fortrefs ; she stands up on her guard, hangs out a Flag of Defiance, and bids them enter at their Peril.

They which had double Armor, a good Cause and lawful Authority, scorning to be outbraved by a Band, prepare for the Assault. She, on the other side, with her *Men-Devils*, her *Cerberusses*, her lusty strong Queans and She-Furies, stand to receive them ; and to make her triumph the more glorious, she sets open the Gate ; she lets them come within her Outworks, to shew how little she feared so inconsiderable a Com-

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pany ; puts down the Bridge for them to enter , and draws up her *Portcullis*, so that there was a fair passage for them into her Mansion.

They supposing she had yielded her Castle into their hands, enter bravely, coming on in good order ; they were no sooner on the Bridge, and fill'd it from one end to the other, but by a secret Device, which she concealed, down fell the Bridge, and the Corporal and his Company of Soldiers tumbled into the Water ; where, to see how like half-drowned Rats, they plung'd up and down in the Mud, Water, and Mire ; how one, to help another, became worse and worse ; some stumbling and falling ; others were forced to dive for them, or they had otherwise been lost : But, above all, to hear the *Baud* scoff at them. How she taunts ! Calling them all the Rogues she could devise : *What, you Villains, you ! What, come to besiege my Castle, the*

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famous Black Castle of the whole Earth? What Me! Did you not fear the force of such a noble Amazon as Me? Out, ye cowardly Curs! For a man to have stood by, and to have heard how her Rogues and Whores reviled them; to exactly describe the imminent danger they were in in that deep Moat; the difficulty of their escape; their long and dirty passage out; to describe what shame they had in their faces; how they hung their ears; how all amort; what twits, jests, jibs and scoffs they received from others, that were spectators of their downfal; to recount all these things, would swell this Book beyond my intention.

The *Corporal* complains to the Magistrates, of his Downfal and Defeat; who is ordered still to continue the Leaguer, and besiege the Castle to the utmost extremity; and a *Provost-Marshal* is sent with new Supplies of Men to assist him, and other

Am.

Ammunition fit for a Siege— But the Baud in her Castle is as careless of the Provost, as she was of the Corporal, draws him into as great dangers almost as she did the other, only they would not venture themselves on her Bridge again ; she stands on her Walls ; laughs them to scorn ; hisses at them ; points her fingers at them ; bids them come on : Why don't they assault her ? She is ready for the skirmish. *Oh brave rare magnanimous Baud !* What is *Penthesilia*, for Prowess, compar'd to her ? What are all her *Amazons*, but so many *She-sheep biters* and *Pultrons* ? Had she liv'd in those days, and, instead of *Penthesilia*, came to *Alexander* for a *Night's Lodging*, What a *Hero* ! what a gygantic Knight Errant and Adventurer had been begotten between them ! He would have conquer'd the World indeed. But to go on with the Leaguer. The *Provost*, being justly provoked with the De-

fiance of a *Bawdy-house*, held a *Consult of War* with the *Corporal* and the rest of the *Officers*, what was best to be done in the *Case*, whether to shew himself a *Fabius* or a *Cesar*; whether by slow delays to famish her, or violently assault her; some shewed themselves for one way, some for another: Those that were lately trapped in her *Draw-bridge*, and half drowned in the *Mote*, not being quite dry yet, their *Courages* were cool and very backward at assaulting: *Agan*, others that never as yet tastest of the black *Mud* of her *Acheron*, were for the *Attack*. Well, that carried it, and *Orders* were sent throughout the *Camp*, for a general *Storm*; preparations were made accordingly, *Boats* provided, *Scaling Ladders* got, and all other *Utensils* and *Instruments* for the *Action*, and the time about *One a Clock* in the *Morning*; *Madam Bawd* beware of your *Hide*. The conclusion resolv'd on

in

in the Counsel of War, was not carried so closely neither, but *Hollandia* got an Item of it, whether by some false Traitor, or her old *faithful familiar the Devil*; And she on her side made a good provision for their Entertainment, of *Brick-bats, Scalding Liquors, Hand-Granado Chamber-pots*, and such like comfortable Cordials to refresh them after their passing the Mote; and because she would not be behind-hand with them, she call'd her Counsel of *Black Guards*, held in the chief Chamber of the *Black Castle*, where after several things debated of, and Policies projected and propounded, 'twas agreed to offer a bountiful reward to the boldest *Whore* or *Rogue* in the Castle, who should venture out to the Enemy, and amuse them with some well contriv'd tale of a *Tub*, some very probable Lie or false Intelligence, where the Castle was weakest, what defence she made, or

the like. A good Dole she would give also to any that dar'd be so hardy to carry Letters secretly to some of her Friends without, (for you must know amid'st so many sorts of Gamesters, so many Goatish Lechers, so many stout Stallions, so many Bully-rocks, she could not possibly be without Friends and Well-wishers, not to reckon a great many *Females* that had weaklings to their Husbands, all well-willers to her Commonwealth.) Now I cannot positively and certainly tell you, whether she made use of a Welch cunning trick or device, to send her Letters in the bottom of *Brandy Bottles*, according to the *Alamode-fashion* now in use amongst us, or whether the Letters were sowed up in the back of her Messengers Dublet, or underlay'd in the soles of his Shooes, or the like Artificial conveyance, it will be I hope sufficient if you are acquainted that Madam Bawd had a deeper reach

reach than all this comes to: Having
pitch'd upon one bold-fac'd Quean
called Doll; Doll, said she, thou shalt
do the job, thou shalt circumvent the
dull imaginations of such Dolts as we
have to do with; Here said Hollandia,
I know thou hast a good large wide
Throat of thy own, that can swallow a
Hens Egg if need be, but this Pill I
am to give thee is not above half so big;
in this Pill I have inclosed very neatly
and cleverly, a Note or Letter, to my old
Uncle that helped me out of Prison be-
fore; I know he has a rare art of an
Incendiary to stir up the humors of the
Mob— or vulgar sort of People, and
by some small Benevolences and Lar-
gesses which he shall bestow and distri-
bute amongst them, I make no doubt to
ingage them to my side and party (for
they love Comotions, new Changes, and
fishing in troubled Waters, as dearly as
they love their Eyes) besides if they are
made Arbitrators in a Cause, whether
good or bad, it matters not, they will bear
them-

themselves with a high hand: What? says a Learned Turnspit or Cook-ruffin, or an Heroical Chimny-sweeper, who is taught Ambition by ascending the Chimny tops, or a bold valorous and enterprizing Cobler, inspired with the story of Crilpin and Crispianus, or a Magnanimous Smallcoal-man, strong with bearing his burden every day, a high and mighty Tap drabler of a Red Lettice: What? does sweet Madam Hollandia commit her Cause to us, depend upon us? Rouze, Rouze my Lads, stand stiff, every one get a Club, knock all down that oppose, pelt on with a shoure of Stones. Come, come, says Hollandia chear up, chear up, I make no doubt that if Doll gets off without inquisition, I shall quickly have a very great and numerous Army come to my assistance, with my Uncle at the head of 'em; an Army that shall be ten to one with those you see without— In fine, Doll ready Accoutred for the Enterprize, Sallies out of the Castle, and

was

was immediately seized by the *Corps*
du Guard, who conducts her to the
Provost; he examines her strictly and
 narrowly: *Doll* having conn'd her
 Lesson perfectly, tells her tale roundly
 without hesitation, humming or haw-
 ing: 'That knowing assuredly their
 'Honors would certainly take the
 'old deceitful Bawd (for so she term-
 'ed Mistress *Hollandia*) she thought it
 'prudence to provide for her own
 'safety beforehand, and so fell away
 'from her. And what, (reply'd the
Provost) canst thou expect from us,
 since thou art one of her Imps, and
 the Vermin of the Country, whom
 if we should let loose and escape, it
 would be but to devour honest peo-
 ples goods; that altho' thou art fell
 away from her, it is not with a re-
 solution to reform and lead a new
 life, but rather like an old experi-
 enc'd Rat, thou see'st her House a
 falling, and shiest for thy self by run-
 ing away; I rather think thou art
 come

come as a Spy or a Letter carrier, to some corresponding Rogues and Varlets without : What say you Mistress Quean, will you confess ingenuously what was your errand, what was your intent in coming, what Letters have you about you, will you do all this without search, and without force ? if not, *Here, take her Soldiers, use your skill to make her Confess ;* Whereupon the Soldiers took her into their Custody, search'd her from top to bottom, found nothing : *Come you Jade confess ;* Ay says she, *Confess and be Hang'd.* ' What would you ' have me Confess that I know nothing of, no more (mark me Gentlemen) *no more than the Child unborn.* Ah cunning deceitful Jade ! (cry the Soldiers) we believe thee the less for this ; come wee'l try another way with you, and see what that will do ; whereupon they put a lighted Match between her fingers, which burnt her, which made her

roar

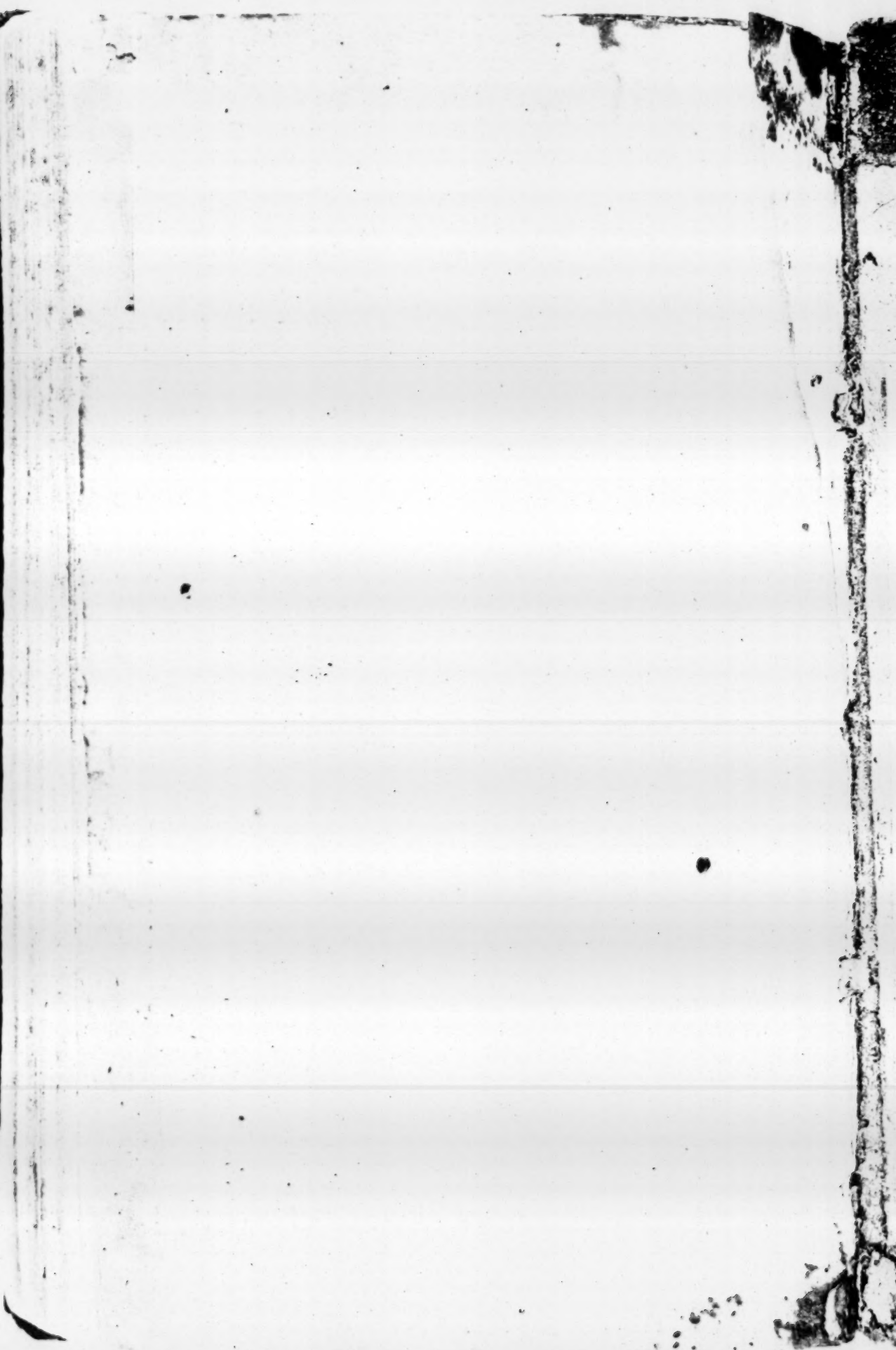
roar in good earnest, yet would she
 not Confess. ‘ What shall we do
 ‘ with her ? say they one to another ;
 ‘ Hark, fellow Soldiers, cries a *Veteran*
 ‘ *Blade*, experienced in War policies,
 ‘ it may be the Jade has swallowed
 ‘ a Pill, I have known many such a
 ‘ prank play’d in my time, come let
 ‘ us give her a Purge or a Vomit.
 (The speaking of this, caus’d *Doll*
 to have a certain emotion in her
 Countenance, which they taking no-
 tice of, they made no doubt but they
 had hit the mark, and confirmed
 them the more in the project of turn-
 ing *Doctors*; whereupon they procure
 a little *Fallop* or some such stuff, that
 set her Guts upon the rack, grip’d
 her Bowels to some purpose, and at
 last brought away *Hollandias* Pill in
 the midst of the *Album Grecum* ; (’tis
 true, the poor Jade was dreadful
 unwilling to take the Purge, but
 they brought a drenching Horn, and
 it being a force-put there was no re-
 medy :)

medy:) There they gave a shout upon the discovery, and brought away poor *Doll* and the *Pill* to the *Provost*, who opening the same, discovered *Hollandias* Letter, to his great admiration and satisfaction, especially relating to the old Incendiary, her *Uncle*, whom he ordered to be Seized presently, to prevent the worst; which things intervening, the Assault was put off till further Order; nor indeed could they well do it with advantage or honor, she being so well Fortified and Intrenched in her *Black Castle*, with abundance of *Belly-Ammunition* to hold out a long time. New Forces come daily to their Aid and Assistance, but all in vain, they dare not assault her; she is held impregnable, and her *Black Castle* unassailable, and it is thought even by her Enemies, that were they surviving, she was able to encounter with *Bradamant*, *Marphisa* and *Clardana*.

To conclude, they dare no more Assault her, but with a continual Leaguer they mean to tire her out or famish her fortrefs; only it is supposed, that if this Siege last not so long as *Troy*, yet in continuance it will far exceed *Buda*; and just here in this Martial heat I must leave her, concluding her to be the most famous that ever the Sun shone upon in her damnd profession, and that she may write *Annals* or *Commentaries* to teach the *Stewes in Rome* or the *Brothel Houses in Venice, Florence*, or the Great Turks *Seraglio*.

Which way the Siege was raised, and the success of it, and how *Hollandia* got her dear *Infamus* agen, the Jesuit, out of the Hemp-house, with a relation of his pranks; and Lastly, how by strange accidents and adventures she and *Infamus* met with her old Husband, with the Tragical end and conclusion of all, may make matter for a Second Part, according as you buy up the First.

F I N I S.



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Collation

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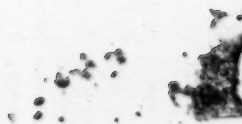
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